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Vellore Temple Carving

—A. M. Hussain.

A FREE INDIA—NOW!

SHORT STORY

By BORIS LAVRENTIEV

THE SPY

The colonel was sitting and listening to the divisional commissar. His large handsome hands rested on the unplaned boards of the table and his finger tips were mechanically druming a tune.

The colonel's hands were really handsome — sunburnt, powerful with strong somewhat nervous fingers.

The colonel had arrived at the divisional headquarters an hour ago. During the night a telephone message had been received from army headquarters that a very important constructor of artillery guns named Colonel Golubtsov would visit the division. His intention was to study under fighting conditions a new artillery technique, which had already been successfully tried out in its experimental stage at the special artillery section attached to the division.

Colonel And Commissar

The colonel had arrived within a minute of the time indicated in the telephone message. The Divisional Commander had had to leave earlier in the morning for the front lines and therefore the commissar (political officer) had met the colonel. The colonel was not known to the commissar, but no sooner had the visitor stepped out of the dilapidated frontier car, than he pleasantly surprised the commissar by transmitting to him the greetings of an old friend of the times of the civil war. The commissar remembered the friend well though he had not seen him for five years, and the conversation immediately took that true and simple tone which is so difficult to establish when people have no point of contact.

Colonel Golubtsov showed the commissar the order which defined his special assignment and added that he was keen to finish his work as urgently as possible, as an enormous amount of work had accumulated in his department and he could not afford to stay long.

Gear In Full Swing

"Excellent, comrade colonel,"—replied the commissar, reaching for a file with papers. "I shall not detain you any longer. Comrade Second Lieutenant will take you to the artillery disposition and you will see our gear in full swing. I hope it will give you full satisfaction."

The colonel got up and smartly adjusted his tunic.

"I am also interested in your opinion, comrade regimental commissar," said the Colonel; "you have had the chance to watch the working of your 'gear' for a long time."

The commissar rose. "It isn't a bad toy, I think" he replied jokingly. "We are satisfied with it and the fact that Fritz is very angry proves the case. But whether it is necessary to add anything here or there, or make any changes—that's for you to decide. You are an artillery officer and see better. Please return to us for the night; I'll prepare a comfortable corner for you."

Letter To Basil

The commissar extended his hand which the colonel shook heartily, but the colonel tried to decline the Commissar's invitation with the words: "I would, if possible, prefer to stay with the division. Anyhow I'll have to stay there three days. And as regards comfort—I'm not particular."

"No, no, comrade colonel," laughed the commissar, "Don't change our rules. Besides, we'll have to introduce you to the major-general, otherwise it will be awkward. And finally I certainly must send a letter to Basil through you. We haven't seen each other for a long time, so I must at least write. Comrade Second Lieutenant, I charge you with being personally responsible for bringing the comrade colonel back here by to-night. Is that clear?"

"Quite so, comrade regimental commissar", and the lieutenant saluted.

Front-Line Scenery

The door behind the colonel closed. The Commissar took his fountain pen from his vest pocket and looked over the papers. He signed one, then another. At the third he stopped. The hand with the pen remained rigid in the air. The commissar knitted his brows, put away the paper and looked out through the window.

He looked at the deep purplish moist spring earth, over which hung the vapour from the morning sun, and at the first green brushlike shoots of the grass. Along the road he saw many blue reflections from pools which had collected in the holes caused by heavy lorry traffic. At the roadside, holding up their long greatcoast, soldiers moved along one behind the other, their boots covered with thick mud. In the distance he could hear the dull thudding of artillery fire.

The commissar's eye was quite accustomed to see all this, but he continued to study the simple front-line scenery, his brows still knitted. His face looked as if he did not trust the reality of this drab picture, as if he were thinking intensely of something that evaded his consciousness. Five minutes passed. Suddenly the commissar's fist banged abruptly and sharply on the table.

Kononenko

The strained absent-minded look had gone from his face. Moving his body forward, the commissar took the telephone receiver from the green telephone box and, protecting his mouth with his hand as if he did not want to be heard by anyone else, said: "Comrade orderly, connect me with Kononenko".

Pressing the receiver to his ear with his right shoulder, the commissar had time to get a cigarette, put it into his holder and draw a smoke, before he got the connection.

"Kononenko, please come to me at once", he said, still cupping the palm of his hand round his mouth, and, not waiting for an answer, replaced the receiver.

Then he continued signing letters. His face had regained its customary calm. A little later the door was noisely opened and a tall thin man with angular shoulders entered the room and stood to attention at the table. "I have come in accordance with your orders, comrade regimental commissar".

Talk In The Corner

The commissar closed the file, pushed away the chair from the table, got up and paced the room a couple of times from corner to corner. Then he took Kononenko by the elbow.

He led Kononenko into a corner, and continuing to hold him by the elbow, whispered to him quietly for a long time. Kononenko listened, his chin turned towards one shoulder, and on his thin face there were two deep furrows, which ran from the corners of his mouth. Not a single muscle moved—it was as if his face was made of papiermache.

"Well? Do you understand me clearly?" asked the commissar, and Kononenko quietly nodded. Then they both left the room. It was dinner time.

The Colonel Returns

It was already completely dark, when Colonel Golubtsov returned from the division. An oil lamp covered by a sheet of paper was burning on the commissar's table throwing a yellowish light into the room. Through the paper a brownish shadow fell on the face of the commissar so that one could not distinguish his features in detail.

"Take a seat, comrade colonel", the commissar said invitingly. "How was the inspection? Do you smoke?" And he offered the Colonel his plain cigarette case made of Karalian birchwood.

"Thanks, I had an excellent trip. Saw your toys in full work in the front line. You are right; Fritz is very angry. I think if we could slightly improve the effective power of the fire, it would be excellent....."

Then the commissar said, thoughtfully, "I have informed the major-general of your arrival. He asks you to report to-morrow morning. To-day he is very tired and, besides, the staff commander is with him submitting his report. You are also tired, no doubt. Take a good rest. I'll call someone to show you your room presently. Nothing luxurious, but warm and clean. Comrade Kononenko!" called the commissar, raising his voice, and Kononenko entered and stood on the doorstep.

The Party Papers

The colonel put his cigarette end in the ash tray on the commissar's table and said:: "It wouldn't be bad indeed to have a good rest. Thanks for your hospitality. See you to-morrow."

"Good night," said the commissar, without lifting his head from his paper. But when the colonel had got up he asked as if he had just remembered it, "Excuse me, comrade colonel. You are a party member, aren't you?"

"Yes, certainly."

"It would be good for you to see our party secretary. Although you are only visiting us, for a short while we have a rule that all party members should register themselves. You know, in wartime we like to keep a record of the party forces. But then, why should you bother, give me your party ticket for a second. I'll copy the number and what is required, and to-morrow I'll take it to the secretary myself."

"Entries In Order"

The colonel opened the buttons of his tunic, pulled out his party ticket and placed it on the table in front of the commissar. The latter wrote down the number, the name, father's name and surname, age and short party record, and lazily looked over all the pages of the booklet to the very end.

"Very well, comrade colonel," he said, returning the ticket to him, "all the entries of party fees are in order."

Then the commissar took from the table the Karelian birchwood cigarette case and slowly put it into his trouser pocket, watching how the colonel slipped his party ticket into the tunic pocket and buttoned it up. Suddenly the commissar's hand jerked out of his trouser pocket and the black muzzle of a parabellum gun pointed at the chest of the colonel. At the same time the deep voice of the commissar commanded: "Hands up, you traitor! Don't move!"

Wolf Without Sheep's Clothing

Golubtsov did not betray surprise or fear by a single gesture. Only his eyes moved sideways towards the other door, but there stood Kononenko and the round ring of a revolver muzzle pointed straight into his face from there also. He jerked his shoulder, grew pale in the face and slowly raised both hands. Kononenko opened the door. Two Red Army men with rifles entered and took their stand beside the arrested man. The commissar approached the arrested man with a pocket knife. The colonel shuddered and stepped back."

"Don't be afraid. We haven't taken to 'your' methods," said the commissar; "I only want to relieve you of some unnecessary details, which do not become you at all."

And he carefully cut off the triangular badges from the sleeves and collar of the spy. The latter looked at him sideways and his gaze was cruel like that of a wolf. He moistened his parched lips and murmured hoarsely:

Superfluous Information

"Nor it does not matter any longer. But what I should like to know is what gave you any cause to suspect me?"

The commissar looked back into the wolf's eyes:

"You hardly need trouble your brain with much superfluous information. Anyhow it would not help you any more....Take him away."

The Red Army men removed the spy. The commissar took a deep breath and sank heavily into the chair. He was silent. Kononenko said with quiet admiration:

"That was clean work, comrade regimental commissar. But perhaps you'll see me? It may be useful to know."

The commissar threw himself back into the armchair, put his hands behind his head and stretched himself.

Something Wrong

"You see," he said as if in deep thought, "something seemed to be wrong. He went away and I sat here and started thinking: 'What is wrong, whatever is it?' Then suddenly I got it. During the Civil War the Germans entered the Ukrainian cities with drums beating. It was a peculiar tattoo which always stuck in my brain as if a nail had hammered it in. When he talked to me sitting at the table, his nervous finger beat out the same rhythm. But this was only the first discovery, as you yourself know. It only gave cause for suspicion. His papers were in order—couldn't have been any better. But here in his party ticket—took at it yourself."

He gave Kononenko the booklet which he had removed from the spy's pocket. Kononenko went nearer to the lamp and scrutinized it, page after page. Then he looked questioningly at the commissar: "Can't find anything wrong. It all looks O.K. to me."

Six Hundred Roubles

"That's just where you are wrong." And the commissar jokingly pulled Kononenko by the blonde curl on his forehead: "What about the fee entries? They are from 600 roubles. Eh? And what does a colonel get? That's where I got him."

"What a silly blunder!" said Koncnenko. "If it weren't for this mistake, he might have got away."

The commissar laughed.

"You think so? Oh no, he wouldn't have got away. The fact is that in the army headquarters they've never heard of any Colonel Golubtsov. They did not send the telephone message at all. So I was sure. I had got the man anyhow and the story about the party ticket. I admit honestly, just came up to heighten the effect."

And the commissar smiled cunningly, as he reached for his case and rolled up another cigarette.—("Izvestiya," Moscow.)

Silly Ass (trying to make conversation) "Which would you rather be, Miss Carstairs, intelligent or beautiful ?"

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World-Famous American Author Says: Allies

Cannot Win The War Without Recognising

A FREE INDIA—NOW!

By PEARL BUCK
In "Asia"

The Japanese weapon of racial propaganda in Asia is beginning to show signs of effectiveness. This is not because of peculiar skill in the way it is being used, but because it is being presented to persons who have had unfortunate experiences with England and American people.

Race prejudice continues unabated among white people to-day, the Japanese are saying. Tokyo radio programmes daily send their broadcasts over Asia in their campaign to drive out the white man. They dwell upon white exploitation of coloured troops and cite mistreatment of Filipinos by the American military and similar treatment of Indian troops by the English. Germany is helping Japan to stir up race hatred in Malaya, India and the Philippines by insisting that the interests of Asia lie with Japan and not with England and the United States. "The coloured peoples", Japanese propaganda says over and over again in a thousand forms, "have no hope of justice and equality from the white peoples because of their unalterable race prejudice against us."

Without Wisdom And Without Justice

It will be better for us if we acknowledge the danger in this Japanese propaganda. The truth is that the white man in the Far East has too often behaved without wisdom or justice to his fellow man. It is worse than folly—it is dangerous to-day—not to recognise the truth, for in it lies the tinder for to-morrow.

Who of us can doubt it who has seen a white policeman beat a Chinese coolie in Shanghai, a white sailor kick a Japanese in Kobe,—who of us, having seen such oriental sights or heard the common contemptuous talk of the white man in any coloured country, can forget the fearful bitter hatred in the coloured face and the blaze in the dark eyes? Who of us can be so stupid as not to see the future written there? The most dangerous human stupidity has been that of the white race in the baseless prejudice through which even the meanest white creatures has felt he could despise a king if his skin were dark. Yet, if this stupidity were limited to the mean, how easily it might be cured! But among us even some who are able, even some who are good, are sometimes so blind.

The effect therefore of this Japanese propaganda cannot be lightly dismissed. It lies uneasy in the minds and memories of many at this moment who are loyally allied with Britain and the United States, in the minds and memories of coloured peoples of Asia. Yes, and it lies uneasy, too, in the minds and memories of many coloured citizens of the United States who cannot deny the charge and must remain loyal in spite of it. For such minds realize that, though Nazism may give them nothing but death, yet the United States and Britain have given them too little for life in the past and not even promises for the future.

Our coloured allies proceed to war against the Axis not deceived or in ignorance. They know that it may not be the end of the war for them even when Hitler has gone down and Nazism is crushed and Japan returned to her isles again. The coloured peoples know that for them the war for freedom may have to go on against the very white men at whose side they are now fighting.

Allies Or Enemies?

In common sense, if for no other reason, the white peoples ought now to realize the truth, too—that war may not be ended for them either, when Nazism falls. They must face the question: will their coloured allies then become their enemies? That they may be very terrible enemies is no idle threat. If the coloured peoples fight with reservations in this present war against the Axis and if the white peoples fight with no reservations, the coloured peoples will have the greater residue of strength. There may be no interval between this war and the next unless we give proof now of our sincerity.

We must realize, we citizens of the United States, and this whether Britain realizes it or not, that a world based on former principles of empire and imperial behaviour is now impossible. It cannot exist. We must make clear our determination for real democracy for all peoples with mutual responsibility demanded of all to fulfil its conditions. Nor can we postpone such decision for democracy by saying, "Let's win this war first." We cannot even win this war without convincing our coloured allies—who are most of our allies—that we are not fighting for ourselves as continuing superior over coloured peoples.

The deep patience of coloured peoples is at an end. Everywhere among them there is the same resolve for freedom and equally that white Americans and British have, but it is a grimmer resolve, for it includes the determination to be rid of white rule and exploitation and white race prejudice, and nothing will weaken this will.

Will Fight For Democracy

We can, of course, utilize the force of this will if we have the wisdom. Nothing would so nerve our coloured allies abroad to put forth their whole effort now as the conviction that white leaders mean what they say about democracy. There is hope even in India that England would mean what she said if she could be got to say it. There are few simple things in this world but at the moment the simplest, if one is at all familiar with mass thinking among the peoples of Asia, is that our allies there will fight with all their strength for real democracy.

There could have been nothing reassuring or comforting to our Asiatic allies in the closing words of Churchill's first speech in Washington. "The British and American peoples will for their own safety and the good of all walk together side by side in majesty, justice and peace." An England, a United States, "walking together in majesty," can only mean to the coloured peoples a formidable white imperialism more dangerous to them than anything even a victorious Japan can threaten.

India Is Waiting!

The advocates of an American Union now with the white, English-speaking portions of the British Empire, "with such other peoples as may be found ready and able to unite," are heading us straight into the gravest war we can yet imagine. What can China, that oldest and most pragmatic of democracies, think of a white, English-speaking Union which excludes her at the very start? We may as well present Japan with battle-ships and bombers as to go on with a union which denies democracy in this fashion. Only Atlantic-minded persons can fail to see that in so limited a union we should already be sowing the seeds of the next war. It does not do to be only Atlantic-minded at this moment.

The United States and England are at a very critical moment in this war. Our allies, India, China, the Philippines and Malaya, are waiting for us, whether they tell us so publicly or not, to make clear the stand of the white peoples toward them. Are we all-out for democracy, for total justice, for total peace based on human equality, or are the blessings of democracy to be limited to white people only? The answer must be made clearly and quickly. To evade the question, to delay the answer, is to reply in the negative. And the United States must now take the lead.

For we cannot now trust to English minds, however we admire them, nor to English leadership, however strong. We must think and act for ourselves. If our allies cannot be assured, America may find herself deserted in the Pacific when she supremely needs allies there.

It is only natural that England should think first and most of Hitler, the wolf at the door. It is to be expected that English minds cannot take seriously enough the full threat of Japan also to us. Why should they when Americans themselves have not taken Japan seriously enough and do not now take any Asiatic people seriously enough? Pearl Harbour and Manila are to-day awful witnesses of our ignorance. There will be other witnesses as stern before we are done with this war. If England cannot understand fully our danger in the Pacific, let us not ourselves be misled. We Americans face the Orient as well as Europe, and we face it not as the ruler of a great subject people held under military power. We face an Asia in which we have no long-established power. It is too dangerous for us to accept any estimate of the Pacific except our own. We must for our own sakes give our allies the Far East confidence in our leadership toward full democracy.

"Look At America"

But can the United States provide such leadership? This also the Far Eastern allies are asking. Japan is busily declaring that we cannot. She is declaring in the Philippines, in China, in India, Malaya and even Russia that there is no basis for hope that coloured peoples can expect any justice from the people who rule in the United States, namely, the white people. For specific proof the Japanese point to our treatment of our own coloured people, citizens of generations in the United States. Every lynching, every race riot, gives joy to Japan. The discriminations of the American army and navy and the air forces against coloured soldiers and sailors, the exclusion of coloured labour in our defence industries and trade unions, all our social discriminations, are of the greatest aid to-day to our enemy in Asia, Japan. "Look at America," Japan is saying to millions of listening ears. "Will white Americans give you equality?"

Who can reply with a clear affirmative? The persistent refusal of Americans to see the connection between the coloured American and the coloured peoples abroad, the continued, and it seems even wilful, ignorance which will not investigate the connection, are agony to those loyal and anxious Americans who know all too well the dangerous possibilities.

To-day the peoples of Asia are still waiting, still watchful. Who can blame our coloured allies if they have reservations toward us, if they doubt our intention for true democracy for them? Our ignorance of how they feel is dangerous as the ignorance of France was dangerous even to destruction. But ours is a peculiar danger, for one tenth of our nation is coloured. Our relation to the coloured peoples and democracy does not even lie so far off as Africa or India. It is just outside our doors, it is inside our homes. The deepest loyalties to-day are not national.

Equality—Not For The Coloured!

But even if Americans realize our danger, our responsibility, our peculiar position, can we produce the necessary leadership for democracy? What is this division between our belief in democracy for all and our practice of democracy only for some? It is not hypocrisy. We Americans are not hypocritical except in small, amusing ways. Talk to any dirt American and he honestly believes in equality and justice and in giving everybody democratic rights. But mention to him the coloured man and you will not believe your own ears. This cannot be the same man talking, you will say. No, the coloured man cannot have the

(Continued on page 20)

The Ancient Wisdoms

BY:—K. P. APPAJI RAO.

He who knows the ways of beasts and birds,
Who can distinguish them by song and cry,
Who knows the bright quicksilver life in streams,
The courses that the stars take through the sky,
May never have laid hands to books, yet he
Is sharing wisdom with Infinity.
He who works with sensitive deft hands
At any woodcraft, will absorb the rain,
The sunlight and the starlight and the dew
That entered in the making of its grain;
He should grow tall and straight and clean and good
Who daily breathes the essences of wood
He who finds companionship in rocks ,
And comfort in the touch of vine and leaf,
Who climbs a hill for joy, and shouts a song,
Who loves the feel of wind, will know no grief;
No loneliness that ever grows too great
For he will never be quite desolate.
He shares, who is companioned long with these
All ancient wisdoms and philosophies.

When The Lion Roared!

Amusing Incidents Of An Early Congress Session!

By J. M. N. WADIA

The most cherished memory of my early youth is my close friendship with and the great affection I bore to the late Sir Phirozeshah Mehta, one of India's greatest champions and leaders.

One of the least known perhaps of that truly great and good gentleman's many virtues was his intense love for children. Busy and pre-occupied as he always was, he never forgot their birthdays, which were invariably and unfailingly the occasions for the arrival of an immense case of toys packed to fullest capacity.

Knowing my incurable partiality for the consumption of great chunks of ham, every week-end that he came up to Matheran for a much-needed rest, he was at pains to bring up with him a liberal supply of that delicacy, which he sent round to me in a platter, with a couplet I still remember:—"My dear Jam, Herewith some Ham, from Your P.M.! Can I ever forget him? But all this by the way.

The meeting of the Indian National Congress which was held in Bombay in 1904 or 1905 was specially notable, because it was attended by two distinguished retired English members of the I.C.S., Sir Henry Cotton and Sir William Wedderburn, who came out from Engand especially for the purpose. They were both accommodated in the late Sir Adamji Peerbhoy's Bungalow on Ridge Road, Malabar Hill, which was furnished and equipped on a grand and most lavish scale, under the instructions of the late Sir Phirozeshah Mehta.

Five A.D.C.s

The Ripon Club provided mountains of food and drink of the highest quality and utmost variety. Everything that could be thought of was provided, with but a single exception. Sir Phirozeshah apponted five A. D. C's-in-waiting to the honoured guests. These were his own son, Kaikhushroo, now managing Tata's in London, the late son of the late Sir Dinshaw Wacha, also named Kaikshuroo, my two younger brothers and myself. We were all provided with a complete outfit of splendourous new clothing and head and foot wear.

In due course, the guests arrived and were accorded a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome by a large crowd at Apollo Bunder, and after inspecting a smart guard-of-honour of Congress vounteers, then organised for the first time, under their Captain, a most amiable and promising young Barrister named Ratilal, who unfortunately died of typhoid shortly after, they were driven to their residence at Ridge Road, in Sir Phirozeshah's own landau and pair, followed by a long string of other vehicles, smart private equipages, ending with the humble but efficient hack victorias, then as shabby as now. Immediately on arrival, Sir Henry Cotton desired to dispatch a telegram. He grasped a pen and looked for ink, which unfortunately for all concerned was the one thing which had escaped provision.

Leo's Roar

At that moment "Leo" (Sir Phirozeshah) also happened to arrive and realising the situation, emitted a great roar whilst still on the staircase, directed at the five A. D. C.'s, who just at that moment were about to sit down to a most savoury breakfast below stairs, but promptly scattered in all directions, ultimately seeking refuge under the staircase, whilst I ran into the garden and across the lawn and vaulted a low wall into the neighbouring compound of the late Mr. Mulji Barbhaya, Solicitor and sought and obtained the loan of an inkwell armed with which I confronted "Leo" with unconcern and received his appreciation of the initiative I had displayed, but he had quite a lot to say about the organisation which had overlooked the provision of such a prime essential as ink. Result—a full dozen Congress volunteers jumped into as many waiting victorias and hied to the stationers, from where they returned with every possible item of stationery in such profusion, that some of it is still proving useful to me, who appropriated it with an eye to the future.

Despite the rich food and wines provided, they did not serve the purpose of either of the guests, who were both confirmed votaries of the elderly man's speciality, dispepsia, and existed solely on a sparse diet of Hunyadi Janos water (cases of which were indented from Kemp's) and cream cracker biscuits. So the A. D. C.'s as in duty bound, fell to like famished wolves on five full meals a day supplemented by salvers of sweetmeats and fruits, received from various merchant supporters of the Congress every day. The wine also flowed in rivers down their adolescent throats.

Poor Griselda

Sir William Wedderburn was accompanied by his charming but very shy young daughter who, if I remember aright, bore the old-world name of Griselda Sir William addressed her as "Griselda, my child", which a young Congress volunteer appears to have heard. The next morning, Griselda came out on the verandah on her way to breakfast in the dining room. She was promptly accosted with a great and sweeping salute by the Congress volunteer aforesaid, who said to her "Griselda, my child, good morning" which she almost fearfully returned, and then asked her, 'You had taken bath"? 'Yes", thank you." "Water was hot and soap smelly?" By this time poor Griselda had almost dissolved into tears. She had a very high complexion, which mounted redder and redder, until I intervened and demanded of the Congress volunteer what he was about? "Looking after her best interests, Sir", was the plaintive and respectful response. Meanwhile Griselda had disappeared, into the dining room as I discovered, and where I followed her to apologise and to see to her meal.

A Tame Departure

During the Congress session there was also held a Congress Exhibition, where many Indian products were on show and attracted immense crowds. After the Congress Session was over, the two visitors toured India and then returned to Bombay on the day of embarkation for their return voyage home. The Congress volunteers had been provided with smart khaki tunics and trousers with an imitation sam browne belt made out of Cambridge blue silk ribbon. They were asked to turn out again on that occasion, which they did, but few of them were clad in both tunic and trouser, most of them were without the one or the other and in a few cases only the blue silk ribbon had survived.

This motley crowd was arranged on either side of the Apollo Bunder steps down which the visitors were to pass on to their launch. Whilst they were being arranged and re-arranged two European police officers watched them with an amused smile, and at the very moment when the visitors arrived they asked Ratilal to remove his men from the steps where they were an obstruction to passengers. Despite all argument, they had to be romoved, to their own great disappointment. The vicitors descended unadorned steps and entered their launch to somewhat feeble and discouraged cheers, as their Adieu.

Federate Or Perish!

HENRY FORD ON THE "BROAD HIGHWAY TO PEACE"

(Henry Ford, supreme master of mass production, the man who brought motoring into the lives of millions the world over, entered his 80th year the other day. In this special interview cabled from America to the "Sunday Despatch", London, he presents his views on war and the new world that he hopes will emerge at the end of hostilities).

It is my belief that out of this war will come a federation of the world in which all barriers of nationality will be levelled and the peoples of the world will live in common peace and prosperity. Politics will be discarded and there will be a universal currency, a universal economy and a universal market. Unless such a federation is established the present war will only be the dress rehearsal for another and a more terrible conflict,

The United States is a practical example of federation. We federated because it was the only way to save ourselves from ruin. Europe is finding that she cannot live unfederated to-day. If the United States puts its influence behind it, the same type of agreement can be arrived at in Europe. No country should be forced in, but every country soon would see the advantage to be gained by voluntarily coming in. They would need no armies and there would be no wars, because nations would all be neighbours in the same federation.

The point I make is that the time is here to start federation. The last prophecy along this line was made just a hundred years ago by Tennyson. His "Locksley Hall" was a marvellous forecast of things to come. He forecast the invention of the aeroplane as an instrument of peace. Then he saw it turned into a terrible tool of war. After that he saw war drums become silent in a parliament of man—a federation of the world.

Everything has come in the order he saw it right up to the present time. All that remains to come is the "parliament of man—the federation of the world." I think the time is here, and think America has a big part in it. Every country that took part in the last war asked for something, and got it—except the United States. We asked for nothing, and got nothing. We are not asking for anything this time. We lend-lease materials, men and ships without thought of payment.

But I think the time has come when we have a right to demand something in return, and the only repayment that the United States can ask or accept is something that ensures peace and prosperity in the world. What we have done, the people of Europe can do. The people of Europe are just as good as you will find anywhere. They are no more warlike than we are, but they are divided by men who profit by divisions and wars.

But if Europe were federated, people who profit by wars would never again get a foothold—they would have nothing to work on.

Here is something to think about. Europe never has produced Europeans. Frenchmen, Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, Hollanders, Belgians, Russians, Poles—yes; but not Europeans. That is the poison of division. Yet, with these very same nationalities and races, here in the United States we have produced Americans. If these people can become Americans; they can become Europeans in Europe.

That is what federation would do. After the war will come an era filled with opportunity for everybody who can stop looking backward and go forward.

It seems that war is—and I hate to say it—necessary to teach us lessons that we seem unable to learn in any other way. This one is born of greed, insane lust for power and financial gain, and until sanity returns to those responsible for it, will never settle anything but if the present conflict results in a federation of the peoples of the world with the eradication of political and tariff barriers, a future secure and peaceful for all races and creeds is assured.

There will be an intensive development of the soil as a preventive to war. Intensive production and a world busy in work and friendly helpful exchange of goods. Such a world has neither the time nor the incentive for war. Production of the world's goods and new goods to serve human needs and legitimate desires—that is the broad highway to peace.

Perhaps out of this war people may learn to think, and, if you cause people to think, ultimately they will think right after they have made a lot of mistakes. That is education, and it is only through education that we have happiness and prosperity.

I have no apprehension that war industries and high wages for women would have an upsetting effect upon the normal domestic concepts in the post-war era. After the war women will resume their place in the home. The war is supplying a tremendous volume of human needs, and at the same time it is creating a lot of mechanics who will find plenty to do when peace returns and when men can build a federation of the world.

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UNKNOWN HEROINES OF THE SOVIET UNION

Those rare glimpses of life in the Soviet Union which the world at large used to get in the news reels were generally in the processions of buxom, straight-haired girls whose very bouncing health was somewhat forbidding. You see them marching, with heads held high and arms swinging, across Red Square on May 1 or romping over crowded Black Sea beaches.

These stalwart representatives of the hierarchy of youth, who used to be seen abroad in left-wing cinema screens, now are the Soviet Union's women, pulling their weight in the war effort. Ninety per cent of those registering for medical courses are women, and men are being replaced at the bench, on farm tractors and on railways. More than 1,000,000 women are doctors, teachers and agricultural experts, writes Ralph Parker in "New York Times Magazine."

Tribute From The Enemy

Since the middle of February all Soviet women have been liable to be called to factories, but from the outbreak of the war huge numbers were moving in to replace the mobilized men. Most of the control work at arms factories that this correspondent has visited is done by women.

In Moscow you see many young women medical workers and they go right up to the battles. Though the Red Army has no women soldiers these uniformed medical workers on battlefields sometimes have given the enemy the impression that he was fighting against women. A tribute to their bravery was paid unwittingly by a German whose diary is in Russian hands. He wrote:

"At Novgorod we found one of those famous Russian Amazons. And she lived up to their reputation, dashing at an officer and clawing and biting him. It took three of our strongest men to subdue her and when we shot her she tore the bandage off her eyes and cried something they took to be a challenge".

The story of Russian women guerrillas will one day be told in full. Few of the thousands of guerrilla units are without women as direct members or working as liaison in villages. I talked with a girl who had four times gone into the forest to tell guerrillas about German troop movements.

Story Of Tanya

The risk she was running is shown by what happened to a girl known to everybody here as Tanya. This is what a German prisoner wrote about her death, to which he was a witness, in November:

"One night there was loud shouting in our quarters—sentries had caught a girl guerrilla. I went to my desk. The girl was brought in by two soldiers. I asked what she had done. They said she had tried to set fire to the house and two gasoline bottles were found on her. We locked her up in the battalion orderly room till the regimental colonel arrived.

"Through the interpreter he tried to get a confession and also the names of her helpers. The girl wouldn't say a word. The colonel had her stripped and beaten. She said nothing. He then ordered her taken half naked into the snow, where she was again tortured. She was brought in blue with cold, her wounds bleeding. She had said nothing. Next day, after lying in the ice-cold room half stiff with cold she was taken to the gallows".

Women toiling in the rear to maintain the Red Army; women being humiliated at the hands of the Germans; women keeping family life going in all the difficulties of evacuation; women preparing to plow, to sow a hundred thousand farms—that is a picture of a large part of Russia to-day. If monuments are reared after this war there will surely be one honouring the unknown heroine of the Soviet Union.

....And An Unknown Heroine Of China

From a plane just landed in China's capital, Chungking, there stepped a wrinkled grand-mother, severely dressed in black, leaning on an ebony cane. A large crowd welcomed her; a little girl presented flowers. That night at a banquet China's first lady, wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, called her "one of China's bravest women."

The same week the Japanese army offered a 50,000-yen reward for her capture—dead or alive. Preferably dead.

For nine years this seemingly harmless, soft-spoken old lady, now 65, whose usual costume includes a pair of pants and an automatic strapped around her small waist, has been conducting a personal feud with the Japanese. So effective has it been that to-day Chao Yutang, or "Ma-ma Mosquito," as she is affectionately known to countless Chinese, commands a swarm of 30,000 guerrilla fighters in the wild hills west of Peiping.

Madame Chao's private war with the Mikado began in 1931, when the Japanese took Manchuria. She enlisted her two sons and four of their college friends, borrowed ten rifles, and sent them up into the hills to snipe at the enemy. At her headquarters she built an underground hospital and storage vaults for food and arms, and began pistol practice. When she picked off two sentries herself, the hitherto suspicious villagers accepted her, and she won her first 100 recruits.

Since then she has methodically kept books on the raids of her soldiers, who now include her 75-year-old husband, two remaining sons and a college-bred daughter. At last report her ledger contained these entries: Japanese soldiers killed, 5,000; Chinese guerrillas killed, 700. Seizures: rifles, 6,000; machine guns, 150; rounds of ammunition, 100,000; military trucks, 230. Observe that there are no figures for "Japanese soldiers captured."

In 1934 the Japanese came to Ma-ma Mosquito's village, summoned the inhabitants, picked five leading citizens, tortured them for information and, when none was forthcoming, burned them at the stake in the market place.

A few months later Ma-ma Mosquito herself was caught. A hundred Japanese soldiers, accompanied by five Chinese spies, came to her house, hustled her outside, and held a lantern to her face.

"Yes", said one of the spies, "that's the old devil herself."

When she was brought to trial, she hobbled to the stand and bowed politely to the judge.

(Continued on page 17)

A woman army doctor (right) in the field with a Russian tank unit.

Guerrilla fighter.

Aviation instructor.

First aid worker.

Coal miner.

Farm tractor operator.

Textile worker.

A NOVELIST'S MEMOIRS AT SEVENTY-FIVE

E. Phillips Oppenheim Writes of a Life He Has Greatly Enjoyed

From Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's book of genial reminiscences "The Pool of Memory" by E. Phillips Oppenheim you would scarcely gather that in the course of his seventy-five years, a long life-time though it is, he could have written a hundred and fifty books and more.

The present volume is, for the most part, a record of the good times he has had since as a boy of sixteen he stood before the headmaster of his grammar school at Leicester and announced that a fall in the family fortunes necessitated his leaving school at the end of the term and at the same time confessed to the authorship of the following lines:

Jimmy's nose is long, Jimmy's nose is strong,
'Twould be no disgrace to Jimmy's face,
If half his nose were gone.

Jimmy, in fact, was the headmaster himself, and he could take a joke. He asked young Phillips if he intended becoming a poet. The future novelist disclaimed any such intention, asserting that he had a more modest aim in assisting his father in the leather business. He became a leather salesman, using his spare hours, however, often until 2 in the morning, in writing a novel in the box-room adjoining his bedroom. At last came a nibble from a publisher who stipulated, however, that the author pay a portion of the cost of production. His fond father came handsomely forward. Thus was "Expiation" published. It sold to the extent of paying for itself and won the following dubious verdict from the Athenaeum: "This is the type of story that Mr. James Payne used to produce before he, fortunately for his readers, discovered that he possessed a sense of humour."

Looking back upon the early period of his life after he left school, he realizes "how small a claim I have upon the sympathies of that kind-hearted portion of the public who like to read of a materially successful Autumn to a life of struggling and privation. I have really had nothing of the sort to face." By which he probably means that he did not give up the leather business until he was well launched on the way to success in his literary undertakings. It has been an Englishman's idea of a good life straight through. And in its way it has been a life of action. Mr. Oppenheim's activities include golf, cricket, plenty of travel, poker, roulette, hunting, fishing, yachting. Then there was the interlude when he was war correspondent and another when he was a member of the Ministry of Information. Above all, the reader becomes increasingly aware of meetings with famous persons, of lots of parties and of good times. Mr. Oppenheim's capacity for enjoyment is prodigious, and he appears anxious to share his good times with his readers. Apparently, too, he is liable to spells of shyness, especially in high-brow company. Thus, he tells of an evening when he met Maurice Baring: "Of his conversation, brilliant though it was, I remember nothing. I remember him only because of a strange trick he had of striking a match on a bald spot of his finely shaped head!"

Early in life he received a piece of advice from a well-known writer, which he took very much to heart. "My lad," said the author, whom he does not name, "don't strive so much after the unusual. Write about the things you see that happen every day, the people you meet every day and your own feelings about them. Make your characters live and they will tell their own story." Indeed, later he tried to deviate from this rule by attempting to study at first hand the underworld of the European cities, especially Marseille. Stimulating the experience proved to be, a little too stimulating perhaps, for after witnessing a real murder outside Seven Taverns—he vividly describes the ugly experience—he was cured of that class of sight-seeing for a time, and on that night decided that he preferred murders of his own imagination. Yet in Paris he did witness an odd little drama at Le Rat Mort in which there was an attempt at murder, but ended in suicide. He wrote up this episode in a story called "The Man Who Lifted the Blind." Even as the author tells it here, as it actually happened, the story has elements which would have attracted Edgar Allan Poe.

Mr. Oppenheim was in his forty-eighth year when the war of 1914 broke out, and he admits that while, in common with the rest of the world, he was horrified, there was in his own particular case "a certain feeling of grim exultation. It was the genuine, almost childish 'I told you so!' spasm of self-satisfaction. I had written seven or eight novels and countless articles predicting the calamity which had come to pass." He had been able to do this, he asserts, because he had learned something of the psychology of the ruling classes in Germany and knew what they were up to.

He seemed hardly prepared, however, for the calamity which overtook France in 1940. Mr. Oppenheim and his wife occupied the loveliest imaginable old house, the Notre Dame, in the south of France, which he had but lately purchased, and where he might have lived to the end of his days. But at the time of the debacle things happened rather thick and fast, and the Oppenheims' escape to England, via Spain, Portugal and the clipper, forms a goodly part of the otherwise happy narrative. The fact that he was E. Phillips Oppenheim helped him no end. In Barcelona, for example, he managed to obtain a room in the hotel only because the Swiss manager had fourteen volumes of Mr. Oppenheim's books in his own bedroom. His observations on Spain, by the way, at this period have their own interest. He found the natives a very unhappy people, dreading above all that they might be dragged into another war. The same profound depression reigned wherever he went; it was ever present in the cafes, the hotels, the streets and the trains. He gives us some unforgettable pictures of evacuees scrambling for trains.

There are isolated episodes and anecdotes in this book which are entertaining. There is Mr. Oppenheim going to court to prove that poker is not gambling but a game of skill, and winning the case too—because on the jury was a man who had read Mr. Oppenheim's books. There is the night he won 5,000 pounds at roulette; yet the author tells us that in the course of his gambling career he has done no more than break even. There are glimpses of Somerset Maugham, P. G. Wodehouse, Noel Coward, the King and Queen of Siam, and of many other people. Those who have read Mr. Oppenheim's books will find here an authentic self-portrait, in harmony with their expectations, and infectious.

SPIRIT OF PEOPLE IN GERMANY

Swedish Observer's Account

According to a report reaching official circles in Washington from a Swedish businessman who recently reached Stockholm after an extensive tour of the Reich, the spirit of the civil German population is extremely pessimistic and the situation in Germany today shows a resemblance to the situation existing near the end of the previous world war. Conversations with friends (he has many friends and acquaintances in all sections of Germany), though a bit cautious, are generally rather free and open. One of the general topics is the increasing tempo of British bombing raids against German cities.

"Heretofore", says the Swede, "populations in destroyed cities have been evacuated to other places. Such was the case with the inhabitants of Luebeck and Rostock But such evacuation was recently forbidden because the evacuees from Luebeck and Rostock spread a spirit of panic in their new residences.

"Despite the efforts of the German Press to minimize the British raids, the terrible destruction caused by them is thoroughly known by the civil population, especially the casualties.

"By listening secretly to radio broadcasts from England and other countries, the German people are becoming acutely aware of th large numbers of the American Air Force now reaching England. They know this means that intensified bombing raids are imminent."

The Swedish observer summed up his reactions as follows: "Generally speaking, the spirit in Germany is low. The belief in German invincibility has been lessened considerably. There is a general fear regarding the food situation during the coming winter. I am also able to verify that price control is almost nothing but an illusion, as there are no commodities to be had, at least not in the shops. The German food industry is now operating at minimum capacity Supply stores are exhausted and there is simply nothing left. French champagne is one of the few things that can be procured, but it is chiefly the very rich who are able to afford it.

"Taken as a whole the situation and spirit in Germany to-day is similar to that during the summer of 1918, when war fatigue and general despair prevailed."

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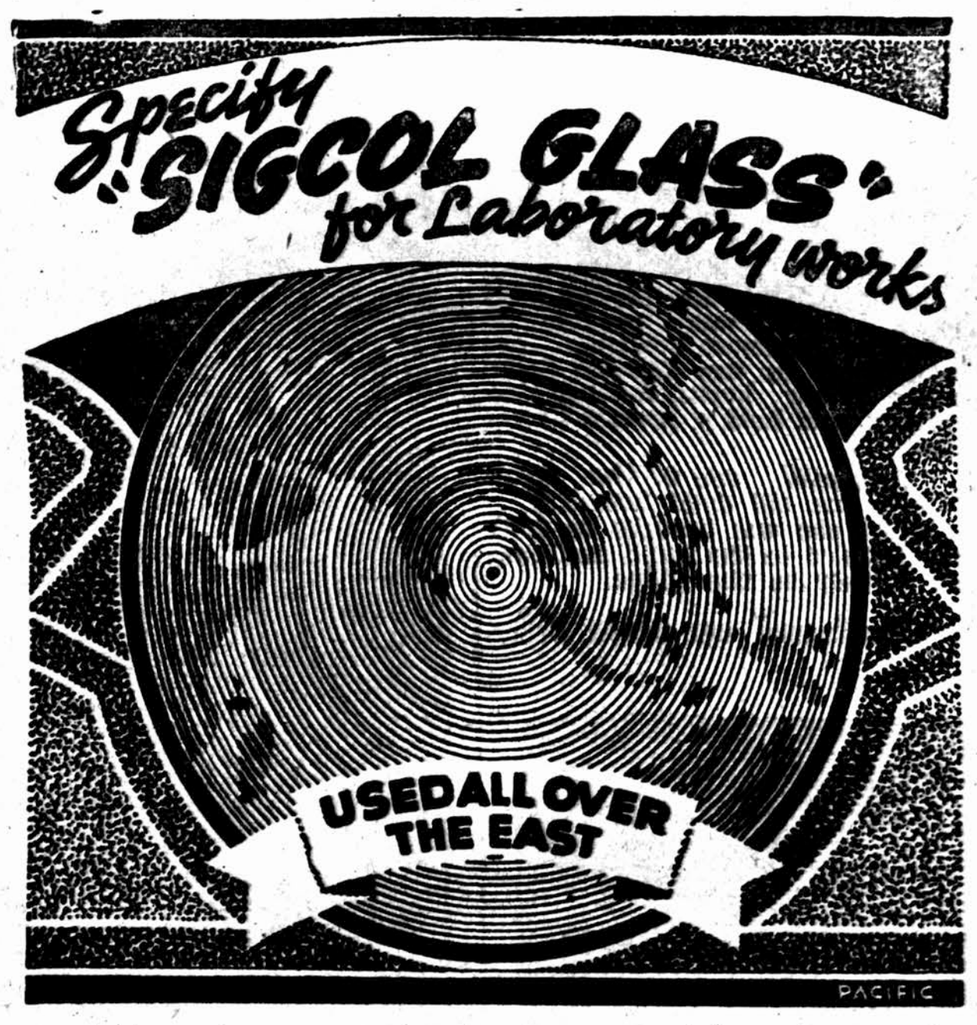

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A REVOLUTION IN FOOD

Taking It With Less Water

By PAUL NORTON

Dried eggs will be a new item on the rations in Britain in a few months, a five ounce tin containing the equivalent of a dozen eggs when water has been added.

The new food will be of more than passing interest, for it marks the beginning of what may be a new era in food preserving and transport. The greater part of our food consists of water.

Millions of pounds and millions of ships, trains and lorries are used every year just to transport water! Meat, fruits, vegetables—they are mostly water. Remove the water completely from plums, tomatoes and other fruits and you would get 100 lbs. of fruit into an 8 lbs. tin. Remove the water from a dozen eggs, weighing perhaps 1½ lbs. and you get them into a 5 ounce tin.

This, in fact, is what is being done on what will become a gigantic scale and what is already a far greater scale than the majority realise. According to U. S. figures, 26 million dozen eggs were dried for Britain last year and current demands are for a hundred million pounds of eggs a year. To satisfy this new demand, egg dehydrating plants have been springing up all over North America. Canada's capacity for egg-drying has increased twenty-fold, and the only limit to the expansion seems to be the number of eggs available for treatment.

Old Invention

Drying as a means of preserving foods and reducing bulk for storage is almost as old as man. But the new methods, depending upon the complete extraction of all water, are very different in principle and method. Dehydrated fruit, as distinct from "dried fruit," is reduced to a powder, without the destruction of any of the nourishing qualities. When the correct amount of water is added, the fruit is a pulp hardly different from that produced by using fresh fruit.

Many erperiments in the dehydration of fruit have been conducted at research stations in Britain. The method offers a very useful way of carrying over a glut of such fruits as plums, using a minimum of storage space and no sugar. A West Country agricultural research station has produced a "plum powder" which with the necessary water added, has proved admirable for making later jam or confectionery.

In North America, where experiments have been on a much larger scale there is hardly a vegetable from potatoes to asparagus or a fruit from apples to melons that has not been successfully dehydrated. There are hundreds of plants, using various processes and the total output of dehydrated vegetables and fruits this year is estimated at about 50,000,000 pounds, representing many times this amount of fresh products

War Advantages

The special advantages of dehydration during war are fairly obvious. There is an enormous saving in shipping space. Many fruits and vegetables are "luxuries" in war because the shipping space they occupy is out of all proportion to the food they supply. But remove the water before packing and add it again on arrival and the position is very different. We have ample supplies of water in Britain and the dehydration process makes it unnecessary to import it. Before the war, a good proportion of the cargo space of ships entering British ports with food must have been occupied by water-mixed with the solid matter of grapes, bananas, oranges and so on.

Transport is of immense importance to military movements. The United States Army and Navy Departments alone have given orders for dehydrated vegetables and fruit grater than the existing plants can supply. Feeding an army in the field, ensuring a mixed diet for ships at sea for long periods is immensely simplified. Before the war an expert from the U. S. who had been very impressed by the method of dehydration invented by a Canadian housewife tried to interest European governments in it from a military point of view. Using the special dehydrated soups and stews, he showed that it would be possible to feed an army in the field by containers dropped from a handful of aircraft, eliminating much of the bulky motor transport that must accompany every army with rations. The only thing necessary was plenty of water and means of cooking.

German "Biscuits"

The Germans, Dutch and Italians all made experiments in these special rations. They are issued to German troops in the form of a "biscuit" which expands greatly with the addition of water. According to the Germans the biscuit contains soya beans, cereals and milk albumens. The one disadvantage of this food, as with other mixed dehydrated foods containing soya and milk albumens seems to be the taste. But it is claimed that this is easily "concealed" by the addition of herbs during cooking. The Germans also used powdered jam, cheese, tomato and apple.

It is no doubt with such foods that the Germans have been sustaining their surrounded army in Russia from the air. The Americans, who are very "air conscious", long ago appreciated the value of dehydration for air transport of food. No special type of container or refrigeration is required and food for hundreds can be transported in a single plane. They believe that when normal conditions return, more and more food in this form will be transported to all parts of the world, with an immense saving in transport costs and the advantage of providing a more mixed diet in places where vegetables and fruit are hard to grow.

Post-war Problem

One of the great problems at the end of the war will be taking food quickly to the starving population of Europe. At the end of the Great war the greatest difficulty was the shortage of shipping and land transport. The food existed in the world, but could not be taken in great enough quantity to prevent famine and semi-starvation in many places. With the large-scale use of dehydrated foods, the transport problem is reduced to, perhaps, one-fifth its magnitude. If the American plants continue to expand at their present rate, they will be capable of supplementing the diet of millions.

The technical details of dehydration are in many cases secret. The problem is to remove the water without destroying the cell formation, the vitamins, mineral salts, flavour and colour. With the aid of elaborate machinery, vacuum and pressure chambers it is done. A bean before packing resembles a bit of stick But water miraculously restores its colour, size and taste. Some factories are engaged on "pills" or capsules. Here the process is not so much to retain the bulk foods as the vitamins, mineral salts and flavour. The "essence" of a dozen or two oysters goes into a capsule which later is added to a stew, giving it flavour and ensuring that whatever the other ingredients, there are ample supplies of certain vital substances. These have been issued to U. S. submarines. The period for which the dehydrated foods will keep varies with the method of packing, but it is up to ten years.

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DAYLIGHT SAVING

India Gets New Standard Time

By J. M. LOBO-PRABHU

When Thomas Edison, the greatest of inventors, was asked if there was anything man could never conquer, he replied, "Time"

In the days of my presumptuous youth, I set out to conquer time. If my ambition was foolish, it was excited by a condition completely irrational, namely, our slavery to the clock without reference to the seasons which vary the daylight available for all outdoor activities.

It became imperative that the light should hold till six and this set me on the problem of Daylight Saving, the problem of conquering time.

POPULAR CONCEPTIONS

In theory, it was a simple problem; all countries in Europe were saving daylight in summer; India had to save daylight in winter. In Europe the clock was advanced one hour in summer to add that much daylight to the evening; we had to advance it in winter to gain a shining hour, more sorely needed. In practice, any proposal to interfere with time caused apprehensions that life as now ordered would be upset. The problem was not so much of conquering time as of conquering time-honoured popular conceptions of the immutability of the clock. In England, it took William Willet nearly ten years to make the public accept his proposal to advance the clock. It was only in 1916, after the war had imposed the necessity of reducing lighting, that summer time was accepted by Parliament.

The reasons for advancing the clock in winter are many. Firstly the daylight in winter is between three and four hours, according to the latitude, shorter than in summer. It is urgent, therefore, that no daylight should be lost and that the working day should fit in as closely as possible between sunrise and sunset. By advancing the clock by an hour at least that much daylight which is now lost in the morning would be available for outdoor activities in the evening. This would be in favour of sports which now have to be cramped within an hour or so available after office hours and before dark. This has an importance on public health because sports form an integral part of a strenuous working day whether in school, college, office or business. Another class which will benefit from lengthening the evenings will be of those who devote their evenings to social visits or to the slightly more serious variant, shopping. They will have the security of light not only for their persons but also for their purchases. An extra hour of shopping would carry a substantial gain to business which now tends to be reduced by darkness and to a less extent by the cold of the night.

The second advantage from advancing the clock is from the saving of lighting. To the ex-

(Continued on page 17)

Portrait Of John Bull

Generalizations about individuals are dangerous enough. Those regarding a whole nation are infinitely more so. Yet within limits certain observations of a general nature can be made.

There is a certain mass impression that the people of a country create upon the foreigner who lives among them which does not take into account individual deviation from the pattern. An American who has lived long in Germany quite naturally has a different impression of Germans as a people from the impression of one whose only contact with the Teutonic soul has been a casual acquaintance with one or two specimens removed from their normal environment. On the other hand the often expressed opinion that French people are more ebullient than Americans must have something in it because it is an impression so many tourists carry away from France, notwithstanding the fact that a great many French people are reserved and taciturn, writes Raymond Daniel in the "New York Times Magazine."

Visitors to the United States usually come away with a belief that all Americans are aggressive and efficient. It does not matter that there are many Americans who was neither, as was amply demonstrated during the WPA era; that is the impression we create and that is their verdict upon us in the mass. The British, who have been so liberal with their opinions and criticisms of us, therefore should not take it amiss if an American who has lived long among them makes a few observations on their national characteristics.

We Americans should not be too hard on the British. We should never forget that for a year and a half they fought the battle for the freedom of the world bravely and alone. It is one of the anomalies of Anglo-American relationship, however, that there was actually more sympathy and less friction between the people of the two countries when the British were busy doing all the fighting while we were doing all the talking than there is at the present moment.

It is not the purpose of this article to analyze reasons why this should be so, but it is a fact which is causing more than a little concern among leaders of this government. If the future peace and freedom of the world depend upon a close alliance of the peoples of the English-speaking world, as so many believe it does, it is important that the commonalty of British and American ideals, hopes and dreams should not be shattered or obscured by wrangling over whether it is more civilized to drive on the right or the left side of the road or whether it is more democratic to have a king or a President.

Basis Of Friction

The fact is that the two peoples, so similar in many things and bound together by a common language, have developed in different environments so that they have evolved into two races which look and sound very much alike but which sometimes infuriate each other because superficial similarity leads to bitter disillusionment and a feeling of frustration.

The basis of friction between the two peoples always has existed because of different mannerisms, folkways and methods of expression. But while the people of the United States were enjoying the blessings of peace the British were being bombed almost out of their island home.

"THE ENGLISH ARE A PUZZLING PEOPLE. THEY RESIST CHANGE, LACK IMAGINATION,"—SAYS THIS AMERICAN WRITER. THE INDIAN READER WILL AGREE.

Then Americans were too filled with sympathy and the British too grateful for help from across the Atlantic, as well as too preoccupied just keeping alive, to worry much about superficial things. But the British are not being bombed so heavily now and the United States is as deeply in it as they are. As equal partners in a common venture, the people of the two countries are more apt now to contrast casualty lists one with the other, compare income-tax percentages, debate who is fighting hardest or best and get a little mad at each other because of real or fancied failures or shortcomings. American boastfulness and British muddling cause the most trouble.

Thus despite the Pearl Harbour disaster, many Americans appeared to have blamed all the Japanese successes in the Far East upon the British surrender of Singapore. To them it seems that the British just bungled again—while here, the average man, who is nowhere near so well informed as the American newspaper reader, suspects that his government may be misled regarding the United States naval strength by high-pressure advertising. What both countries need is a couple of resounding victories. The same people who snort at British failure to prevent escape of the German ships Gneisenau and Scharnhorst through the Channel and who sniff at American "exaggerations" of naval skirmishes in the Pacific would be the first to cheer if the British landed an expeditionary force on the Continent or the American fleet destroyed Japan's. The trouble is that there are people in both countries who look upon battles won as joint successes but regard defeats as tragedies solely of the nation which suffered them.

Puzzling People

To an American the British will always be a little puzzling. Just when he thinks he has solved the riddle of their character something happens which upsets all his earlier calculations. This may be due to the fact that there are two kinds of Englishmen, or it may be that there is a latent national characteristic which shows itself only upon occasion.

Such an occasion was the marvellous spontaneously extemporized evacuation of Dunkerque—a momentary but complete refutation of the belief widely held by the British themselves that they are helpless muddleheads, incapable of quick organization. It is almost as though to the British mind there is a peculiar virtue in doing things the hard way, but in reality they are actually doing things the way they always have, simply because it has not occurred to them that there are better ways. If there were, they assumed unconsciously, they would have discovered it themselves, or their grandfathers would have done so.

They resist change as doggedly as they have been resisting nazism. That is why they still have a king, shiver through long damp Winters in cold, draughty houses and cling to ancient forms and rituals which long since have lost any real application. Every year when the King opens Parliament members go through the tableau of thrice ejecting the Black Rod—a dignitary whose duties are comparable to those of our sergeant at arms—before opening the doors to royalty.

Down the middle of the House of Commons there is a line dividing the Government speakers from the Opposition. It was put there so that if swords flashed in the heat of battle it would provide a margin of safety for the unwary. Yet to-day if an orator becomes so carried away with his own eloquence that he transgresses neutral ground by so much as the toe of his shoe there is uproarious clamour, not because there is the slightest danger of mortal combat but because the shouts have become as much of a tradition for such instances as the fine demarcation itself.

Englishmen still drive their cars on the left side of the road because years ago using that side enabled horsemen to lead their mounts with their left hands. Likewise, they have turned their faces against the metric system in order to retain a currency which even they cannot count quickly—because it has always been like that.

The quaint obsession for clinging to the past, which makes them run their water pipes up the outside of their houses, where they freeze every Winter, would be mildly amusing to strangers if it did not express itself in ways that affect the comfort of visitors as well as natives. The other day a waitress in a neat little tea-room said I could have either toast or scones with my tea. I said I'd have scones but would like them toasted. She said very firmly that I couldn't have them toasted. I asked why not and she replied with a condescending smile: "Why we've never toasted scones"—and it was obvious that she was not going to break with tradition on my account.

Too Patient

People are the same about modern conveniences for the home. Some wealthier ones have installed mechanical refrigerators, but they seem reluctant to use them and prefer putting butter, milk and eggs in the pantry. After all these years hotel telephone operators treat the telephone a little like a toy, and people generally act as though they don't believe it has come to stay. At the hotel where I stayed in Cardiff recently my second-floor room had a telephone, but every time any one outside wanted to talk to me the management would send a page boy running upstairs to notify me instead of ringing the bell. Of course, there was a lift in the hotel, but that was used only during certain hours and then only for guests.

They are very patient people, these British—too patient, it seems, for their own good. They will put up uncomplainingly with all sorts of inconveniences, makeshifts, awkward, slow ways of doing things. I have seen them sit for hours on inexplicably stalled trains staring at one another or reading their rather dull, uninteresting newspapers and never expressing annoyance or, for that matter, trying to find out what was delaying them. They are always queuing up for theatre seats and food and cigarettes and buses, standing patiently in line for hours, until it almost seems that people must get off buses and stand in line for the next one for the sheer joy of waiting.

It may be the inner tranquillity of their souls that makes them accept whatever happens with equal stolidity or quiet acquiescence, or it may be that there is ingrained in them the idea that the rich man in his castle and the poor man at his gate were allotted their separate estates by an all-wise Providence.

A woman friend of mine recently poured into the ears of her charwoman some of her thoughts about the inequalities endured by women here, making special reference to the good woman's rather shiftless spouse. This poor woman listened uneasily to the words of heresy and then remarked, "But he's the man, isn't he?" However, it is only fair to point out that the same attitude of mind which has made it possible for accent to determine a man's station in business as well as in society for life probably has helped to make it possible for these people to endure the Blitzkrieg with almost unbelievable fortitude and forbearance.

There is nothing spacious or expansive about the British soul. Britons seem almost negative in their approach toward life. There is nothing defeatist about their attitude in this war; in fact, at times it might have been better if they could have envisaged the possibility that this time their old adage that they lose every battle but the last one might fail them.

If anything, they are too complacent about the outcome of the war and it seemed to some of their best friends and most ardent supporters that they were terrifyingly slow about getting around to preparing for the final struggle—so slow that sometimes it seemed Hitler might win it before informing them that there were no more battles left to fight. But a prospective guest walking into a hotel without a reservation, even before accommodations

(Continued On Page 21)

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'A Talk With Mr. Nehru'

Well-Known English Journalist's Interview With Pundit Jawaharlal

By SIR EVELYN WRENCH

(in "The Spectator", the London Weekly of May 15)

A conversation with Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru on any subject is a stimulating experience, for the Congress leader has an alert and incisive mind. There was a humorous twinkle in the Pundit's eye when I apologised for wearing an Old Etonian tie, which I certainly would not have donned in the morning had I known I was to meet so distinguished a Harrovian that day. For the first few minutes the conversation hung fire a little, for Mr. Nehru at that moment had a good deal to distract his thoughts; but once we embarked on a consideration of the future world-organisation, he became engrossed in the theme.

"The War", he said at once, "has put an end to the old style of questions we used to ask one another. When peace comes there will be an entirely new situation, with a new set of problems. In the pre-war world the democracy practised by Great Britain, France and the United States of America produced a great measure of political freedom, but it came to a standstill in the process of its evolution. It failed to solve the problem of the security of the individual, and was entirely baffled by the problem of unemployment. Political democracy was not enough to solve these problems. The real question is how to have individual freedom and security. The solution is the extension of political democracy to economic democracy. Of late years it has been popular to say that it is only Fascist countries that can take quick decision, but slow decisions are not necessarily inherent in the democratic system. There is no doubt that the economic and social structure of countries like Great Britain is out of date. I most emphatically believe in the socialistic form of democracy."

International Co-operation

Mr. Nehru foresees only one outcome of the war—he thinks some form of international co-operation on the basis of political and economic freedom, both of nations and of individuals is inevitable. He did admit, however, that there might be, in the immediate post-war years, and especially during the armistice, a period in which the balance of power would be the main controlling factor. He agreed that the conception of the League of Nations was sound, but maintained that what was wrong was the manner in which it was carried out. Before an international body can become a real force, all the factors leading to war must be tackled, such as the private manufacture of armaments; there must be no more domination of one country by another and all nations must have access to raw materials.

End Of British Empire

I suggested that the English-speaking world provided the nucleus round which a real concert of Powers must be built: the Pundit replied: "Big changes will assuredly take place in all countries; I can imagine no effective combination of Powers which excludes Russia, India and China." He does not regard the British Commonwealth as a lasting institution. I referred to Smut's statement that the evolution of the British Commonwealth was the political miracle of the twentieth century, because it reconciled local independence and co-operation. Mr. Nehru does not subscribe to these sentiments, for he thinks that, apart from Great Britain, only nations with comparatively small populations have been linked together by it; not a single nation with a population of over 100,000,000 has been a member; that would be a true test. He was quite definite. "I do not think," he repeated, "that the British Commonwealth will survive the War. The only important group of nations which will have a fundamental influence on world affairs will be a combination of Russia, China and India, controlling nearly two-thirds of mankind, possessing contiguous territories, and each with the same kind of stupendous agrarian problems. India's relations with China and Russia must, in the nature of things, be most intimate." I suggested that he was taking a good deal for granted, when one considers the disunity of India, in so readily assuming that it would be possible to mould into a workable federation the three nations with the largest populations, India, Russia, and China, with all their diverse elements. Presumably it is his ready optimism that waves aside the obstacles in the path of forging Indian unity. Mr. Nehru says most emphatically: "I think India is bound to become one unit."

Religion In India

I asked him whether he thought that Christianity had much of future in India. He replied in the negative, and he somewhat surprised me by saying that he did not think it had ever played an important part in India, as it had been so largely identified with the British Raj, and the peoples of India had been obliged to make a financial contribution to the upkeep of the established Church. He said that the story of Christianity in China was another matter; 'there,' undoubtedly, it had had a great influence, both as the result of American and British missionaries, not identified with a dominant foreign Power.

He said that he did not think that organised religion had a large part to play politically in the future; religion would be an intimate matter for the individual soul, and will not be exploited for political purposes. Each country must be left to its own spiritual outlook, and its own conception of life. He said: "Religion will affect political and economic life less and less it will only affect personal life."

He summed up his views in this sentence: "I do not think that Christianity will make much progress in Asia. Certainly in India it has played no part in the national awakening; the Anglican Church is regarded as part of the governmental machine."

Unity Of India

Once again we returned to the problem of Indian unity, which is very much in Nehru's mind. Providing nothing is done to invalidate India's political and economic democracy, and India's unity, he would give every conceivable safeguard to minorities that the wit of man can devise. In the event of any section of India still persisting in desiring to remain outside the Indian union, he would be prepared to abide by the decision of any impartial outside arbitrator, such as the Hague Court. He refused to believe in a fundamental difference between Hindu and Muslim, who, he claims, are 98 per cent. of the same stock, and he even drew my attention to the fact that Mr. Jinnah's grandfather was a Hindu. I pointed out that in many countries, including Ireland, it was a spiritual view, not racial stock, that divided people but he made no comment.

Future Of English Language

I asked him if he thought Great Britain had any special part to play in the new India. He said: "All nations have a part to play." Turning to the past, I asked him if he thought that India owed much to Great Britain. He said that undoubtedly she owed much to British political thought in the nineteenth century, just as she also owed much to the French Revolution in the eighteenth century and the Russian Revolution in the Twentieth Century. Great Britain chief contributions to India, in his view, were English literature and English thought. Finally, I asked him what was the future of the English language in India. He replied: "India is bound to retain English as her second language, for two good reasons—because English has become the chief world language, and because so many Indians speak it already." It is, fact, India's sole common medium.

TO OUR READERS

The "Bombay Chronicle" office and press were closed yesterday owing to Parsi New Year holiday. Readers will, therefore, miss their news pages in this issue. Any inconvenience caused thereby is regretted.

ALASKA AND PANAMA HIGHWAYS

Their Unifying Influences

The Japanese attack on the United States and the destructive activities of German U-boats in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico have brought into operation two great schemes the construction of which might otherwise have been delayed for years.

Last March, Mr Mackenzie King and Mr. Stimson announced from Ottawa and Washington respectively that work was about to begin on the great highway through Canada which is to link the United States with its outlying and isolated territory of Alaska. Last month news was published in Washington that the construction of another great road linking Panama with the southern borders of Mexico had already been taken in hand. A survey of the Panama highway, as it may well be called, was then in progress, and construction was about to start. When its 625 miles and the 1,500 miles of the Alaska highway from Edmonton to Fairbanks has been completed there will be direct road communication between the American arsenal of democracy and its Arctic and tropical outposts between the Panama Canal and the approaches to the Bering Straits.

Strategic Importance

The importance of the Panama highway will be little less than that of the longer Alaskan road. Climatic obstacles to its construction are not comparable with those presented by the winter blizzards and spring thaws of Arctic America. It traverses countries which are thickly populated and well supplied by comparison with the tundras and swamps of the far north-west of Canada and the interior of Alaska.

The Alaska highway can scarcely be completed before the summer of 1943, but the Panama road should be finished in a much shorter time. Strategically it will be invaluable. Great as are the numerical strength efficiency and spirit of the United States Navy, has a heavy task before it. The final fight for the mastery of the Pacific still lies ahead; protection of the important trade routes from Panama and the Central American ports against guerilla warfare waged by German corsairs in West Indian waters, and perhaps to be waged by the Japanese off the Pacific coast, imposes a heavy tax on its energies. Use of the road for direct motor transport, from Panama and the Central American ports, of certain kinds of tropical raw materials and for the movement of troops would free a good deal of United Nations shipping from the necessity of traversing what may long be dangerous waters, and render it available for military purposes elsewhere.

Apart from these considerations, the Panama highway will alleviate the transport difficulties of the five Central American States. So far they have had to depend mainly on their shipping. Their few railways run inland from their harbours and they are not linked up; their roads, save near the larger cities, are equally sparse, and no trunk road connects the system of various States. As the reader of Mr. A. F. Tschiffely's fascinating account of his 30 months' ride over the 10,000 miles from Argentina to Washington will have understood, in these and other American countries railways often preceded roads. The road where it existed was as often as not a mere trail.

Foreigners have always been puzzled by the isolation of the small Central American States from one another, inhabited as they are by people of kindred stock with Spanish as their common language. Lack of inter-communication may well have been one of its causes. If so, it is reasonable to expect of the Panama highway to exercise a unifying influence on their peoples.

—"THE TIMES"

'I FLEW THE ATLANTIC'

An R. A. F. Sergeant Pilot's Thrilling Story Of His First Operational Flight

I was at the Embarkation Depot 'somewhere in Canada' with my crew of three—radio-operator, navigator, and gunner—waiting for the first boat or passenger aircraft to take us home to the war.

With us were some hundreds of others freshly qualified under the Empire Air Training Scheme. The wings on my left breast were spanking new, sewn on only a few days before by an American girl friend in the little Florida township where I had finished training. She hadn't been able to find the right shade of cotton for the stitching. And some of my pals among the other sergeant pilots ragged me about this, suggesting that the camp tailor should resew them. But I wouldn't have them changed for anything. I thought her stitching would bring me luck. And it did!

I had been at the Depot for a week when one morning I was called to the office. There was a grim old Group Captain sitting there and I saw he had my log book in front of him. He looked at me briefly for a moment and then down again at the open log-book. Then he said: 'I see you have done so-and-so hours of night flying and dirty-weather flying. And your chief instructor seems to have made some fairly affable remarks about you.'

'Yes, sir,' I replied, wondering what was coming. He paused for a moment and then said gruffly, but with a bit of a twinkle: 'How'd you like to work your passage?'

'I—I don't quite follow, sir . . .' I replied. Then he explained. There was a flock of Lockheed Hudsons and other assorted bombers from American factories waiting up at a place in Nova Scotia to be flown across the Atlantic and delivered in Britain. They were wanted at home, and because there was such a huge number of aircraft being flown across there were not enough ferry pilots to go round. So he was picking out a few pilots and crews from our crowd. Did I feel I could cope with the job?

For a moment I was too flabbergasted to say anything. Then I managed to blurt out something like: 'Oh yes, sir, absolutely, sir, oh rather, sir.'

'You'll Find It No Joy Ride'

He grinned and nodded: 'All right. But you'll find it no joy ride. Get your crew together because you'll leave at once with the mail plane for Nova Scotia. Weather permitting you'll probably take off for England in your Hudson to-morrow midnight.' Then, 'Get cracking and good luck.' I thanked him, fumbled a salute, nearly knocked down a squadron leader who was standing by the door and then dashed across to our quarters to break the news to my crew.

I ought to explain here that in the last stages of our training a pilot works with the crew he is going to have. We are trained as a unit. The idea is that we should get to know each other because handling a bomber in action is a question of flawless team work. We knew each other—and how!

So at first my crew would not believe me when I burst in rather breathlessly with the news that we were going to fly a bomber across the Atlantic—by ourselves. It was only when they saw me frantically flinging my kit together that they caught on. And then they went a bit haywire too. 'Carnera', my navigator, grabbed the other two and went waltzing down the room chanting 'Lindboig here we come,' and I had to put a quick stop to their ecstatic caperings if we were to catch the mail plane.

But pretty soon we were aboard and on the two-hour journey to the Nova Scotia landing field I had some leisure to reflect. And now that the feeling of excitement had died down a bit I began to have a few qualms.

Of course it was quite an honour to be picked, 'out of the bag' as it were, to ferry £30,000 worth of bomber across the Atlantic. But when you come to think of it, that was more a tribute to the R.A.F.'s confidence in the training we get than to any personal qualities of mine. But the Atlantic at the tail end of winter is, well, the Atlantic—and probably the worst stretch of water to cross in the world.

I knew that I would have a grand aircraft and that I had a wizard crew. But you never know. And in my mind I ran over every contingency I might have to meet, such as 'icing up', head winds, enemy action, and the kind of flying snags that might develop in a brand new aircraft. And I faced them out, each one, forcing my mind back to all the emergency instruction I had been given in my training, remembering all the tips about these things which I had picked up in gossip with the old hands.

After that bit of self examination I felt better, and by the time we touched down at the Atlantic departure point I was much more mentally free and confident, even though I had lost some of the careless cheer of the morning.

And this aerodrome didn't help to elevate the spirits much. It was quite the most desolate spot I have ever seen in my life. From where we landed an unbroken sheet of snow seemed to stretch up towards the North Pole, marked only by runways of prodigious length, obviously laid down to enable the biggest possible aircraft to take off. On the far skyline was a small clump of poverty-stricken firs and around the aerodrome were a few miserable looking huts. And that was all. No other buildings and not even a farm visible. Later I learned that the nearest town was a day's journey away by car. It was certainly no place for a bright week-end.

'Hello, Suckers'

Nobody met us, and feeling slightly less heroic we made our way across the snow to what looked like an office hut. A flight sergeant looked up from where he was crouching by the stove. 'Hello, suckers,' was his grim greeting. 'You'll be the boys who are going to take one of the Hudsons across?' The idea seemed to give him a sort of grisly with which shook me rather. 'Well, why not?' I asked, a shade decidedly 'What's wrong?

His manner changed abruptly. He rose, stretched, and grinned a little. 'Oh, nothing's wrong, children. Matter of fact I envy you and wish I was going too. Anything to get away from this place. You might in fact be off tonight: depends on the weather. Then you'll be home and drinking good English beer to-morrow . . . I hope,' he added, reverting to his previous manner. 'Come on', he said reaching for his cap, "I'll take you to the Adjutant."

After reporting we were led to a Duty Officer who was as casual about flying the Atlantic as if it was a five-bob joy ride, but who nevertheless gave a thorough going-over on what to do and what not to do during the flight. No sleeping, for instance, because we would be flying on oxygen most of the way—nodding in sleep a man might slip the tube from his mouth or disconnect his apparatus. He listed the things we shouldn't eat before the flight—like beans and peas and similar foods which might cause uncomfortable pains and flatulence at the height we would fly. He added cheerfully: I've got to tell you that. It's official. But actually the staple dish at this camp is pork and beans. We seldom see any other kind of grub.'

He told us about the special clothing we would wear against the intense cold and how to put it on, and gave us our radio instructions—we would be in touch with Britain most of the way—and so on Then he took me across in a car to the far side of the aerodrome where the bombers were drawn up in serried ranks, and I was introduced to the Hudson I was to fly. And with a duty pilot I had a practice flight to get used to the feel of her. I liked her she was beautiful.

Briefed For The Crossing

Down again, we went to the 'briefing' by the C.O. The other crews were there, together with some of the regular ferry pilots. It was short and sweet. Several aircraft were to leave at five-minute intervals beginning at midnight that night. For two-thirds of the journey—the mid-Atlantic portion—we were to fly at 20,000 feet. (The reason for that is that weather reports for mid-Atlantic are unavailable, and if we flew at lower levels we might 'ice-up' and go into the 'drink.') I was to take off sixth, and he suggested that my crew and I might get some food and some sleep. We would only have a light meal before take-off.

After the briefing we made a bee-line for the canteen to get presents for home, but everything was sold out. Rather disconsolately we had an indifferent meal and turned in. I only mention these less cheerful aspects of that place because some people seem to have the idea that these ferry aerodromes are something like Dawson City in the gold rush, with night clubs and bars and glittering emporiums doing a roaring trade in silk stockings, lighters, cigarettes, whisky, and other commodities scarce at home.

We were called an hour before midnight, had some coffee and fried fish, and then in the crew room put on our gear under the supervision of one of the station staff. A pair of silk socks and four pairs of wool. Two sets of silk and wool underwear. Then cardigan, uniform, mufflers, fur-lined flying suit over all, and silk gloves to go under our flying gloves. Then, feeling and looking about four times our normal size, we got into a tender and were driven out to our bomber, under an overcast sky ablaze with the shimmering, dancing Northern Lights.

We got into our places, Carnera with his maps and instruments, Jock, the gunner, sitting just behind me and by Darkie, my radio-op, (Darkie, of course, because he's a platinum blond). For a while I watched the preceding aircraft take off in a great blaze of light from searchlights on either side of the runway. Then, in only a few moments it seemed, Control gave me permission, and then we were off, climbing slowly to prearranged height and heading out to the Atlantic.

Soon we were above clouds and under the clear stars of a moonless night, and for the next hour we were all busy in our various ways, testing this and that. In particular I had a lot to find out yet about this new bomber and I went over all the controls again—several times—till I had got everything 'tickety-boo.' And I only knew we were over the ocean at last by the different note of the engines.

Once, testing the switches, I flicked on my landing lights and saw an answering gleam to starboard and another to port and then the dim glow of navigation lights. I had got off rather well and so must have overhauled some of the others. They were a friendly sight out in that cold darkness, and it was nice to think of having company even for a short part of the way.

But now we had a chance to look round the aircraft and talk to each other a bit. They are certainly no luxury liners, these bombers, as they come from the factories. As we fly them across they are practically metal shells. A lot of extra 'comforts' and gadgets are put in on our side. That is not to say that they are not ready for action. They could go operational right away. But you miss the 'twiddley-bits', especially when you are going to sit in the thing for anything between ten and twelve hours. My bomber still smelled of fresh paint and some of the parts were still covered with vaseline, and I knew that when we went upstairs to 20,000 feet those cold metal sides would make it seem colder still.

The time came when we had to climb to that height. I took her up gently, taking half an hour to get to 20,000 feet. Then I levelled off and switched in 'George', the automatic pilot. Carnera had been in the astro hatch in the

(Continued on Page 15)

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Will War End Next Year?

A Week Of War

By N. G. Jog

SEPTEMBER 3.

We are being reminded on all hands that the war began this day three years ago. It is a sobering thought. Most of us are, however, more anxious to learn when the war is likely to end.

Will the history of the First World War be repeated in the Second? Will the fourth year of hostilities, which begins to-day, prove as decisive as on the last occasion? The Germans were succeeding in battle after battle from 1914 until the Allies won the war in 1918. Will 1943 mark a similar crescendo and collapse?

It is necessary to guard oneself against wishful thinking, foolish prophesing and against drawing facile assumptions from the so-called historical cycles. The pattern of the present war, as of all wars in fact, has confounded the participants as well as the spectators—the first owing to infatuation and blindness and the second due to ignorance and prejudices.

A cursory student of World War I feels the cessation of fighting at 11 A.M. on the 11th of November 1918 to be the most logical development of that year. But Winston Churchill has himself put somewhere on record that the most astonished people on that fateful gray morning were—Mr. Lloyd George and his distinguished colleagues of the British War Cabinet! And conversely Wilhelm Hohenzollern, too, must have found it difficult to believe in his retreat in Holland that he was no longer the omnipotent Kaiser of the Reich.

A Fancy

In this war, too, sufficient has happened—or not happened!—to keep the prophets chewing their cud and even the war-makers on the leash. Leaving Neville Chamberlain in the peace of his grave, we find Adolf Hitler still being unable to keep his breakfast engagement in the Buckingham Palace—which was scheduled sometime this month two years ago! Even Winston Churchill has come a cropper more than once from Norway to Rangoon.

Having said so much and safeguarded myself in advance, I think I may take the liberty of indulging in the fancy that the war is likely to end if not before its next anniversary, at any rate before the end of 1943. I think that whatever may be the result of the present sweep towards the Caucasus, Hitler is yet in a position to launch one more mighty offensive in the summer of 1943. That, as far as one can see to-day, will be the last flicker of the dying volcano.

Till then, however, Hitler will remain within an inch of victory—a tantalising position in which he has in fact been situated ever since he gave a knock-out blow to France in June 1940. He lost the Battle of Britain thereafter and the Battle of Russia is still in an undecisive stage. Victory is yet eluding his grasping hands—but it will be most dangerous to underrate his strength on that account. The Allies have at best the negative satisfaction of not going under like France. The initiative remains entirely in Hitler's hand.

The Allies' strategy so far has been to trade space for time. We must reconcile ourselves to the fact that there is now no possibility of Britain opening a second front in 1942—one only hopes that Stalin has accepted the explanation given by Churchill in this connection! But a situation has arisen when the Allies have no more space to withdraw from whether in Europe or in the Pacific.

Year Of Offensive

Caucasus is too vital a ground to lose—not merely for Russia but for Britain, too. A break-through towards the Middle East will have catastrophic results on the fortunes of war. I believe Hitler will lose the war in 1943 but he is certainly not losing it to-day. Time has been so far on the side of the Allies but they must honour their pact with time now.

The first was the phoney year of war. During the second an all-but-defeated England stood magnificently at bay all alone. As an American paper put it, "She carried on her shoulders the burdens of the whole civilised world." Towards the end of the second year Russia had to line up with Britain. The third year of war was essentially of a defensive nature. Britain, Russia and later the United States all had to retreat before the enemy. But it was a fighting retreat, while their people were gathering strength behind the lines. Now we are at the end of this phase. If the Allied preparations for an offensive are not yet quite complete, they must be so soon. They must honour their pact with time now.

At the same time we must not underrate the resources available to the Axis. Most of Europe is under the heels of Hitler at present while some of the richest regions of Asia are being feverishly exploited by Japan. The Fuehrer's fourth war appeal for "Winter Help" may have dismayed his people into numbness but it shows at any rate that he is still full of fight—and is looking beyond the winter. The fiat has already gone forth that there will no longer be any production for civil purposes in occupied Europe. All the human and industrial power will be used for German war purposes.

Grim Struggle Ahead

The hopes of an Allied victory must be, therefore tempered with the knowledge that they will face the grimmest challenge during the next twelve months. The London "Times" observes that "the long fight for survival is ending; the fight for victory must soon begin." For Germany it will be the other way about and precisely for that reason, she will strain every nerve for her national survival. "Never again another 1918!" had been the highlight of Nazi propaganda from the very beginning and every care is being taken to avoid the crack-up of civilian morale—and underground revolution!

It will be, therefore, a bitter struggle. The prospects before the Allies are brighter than they were ever before. They are overwhelmingly superior to the Axis in man-power, machine power and raw materials. By the sheer weight of numbers, by all the rules of arithmetic they must win. They have made good the lag in war production and they will have no longer any excuse for withdrawals and retreats. They can yet do it once too often! One of the greatest tragedies of 1942 is the inability of Britain to open a second front in the west. It would not only have relieved the pressure on Russia, it would have brought ultimate victory appreciably within sight.

India stands much nearer to the war to-day than ever before. Though we have been in the war from the beginning, it was in a remote, secondary capacity. We have altogether escaped its holocaust and the bombing of Vizag and Cocanada five months ago served only as a curtain-raiser to the real drama. Japan has been too busy consolidating her gains elsewhere and the monsoon has so long served as an effective barrier to the penetration of India's eastern frontier.

Burma—Crucial Front

We are now at the fag end of the rainy season and the thoughts of the future naturally occupy us. There have been contradictory messages from Washington, London and Chungking as to whether Japan will or will not invade India in the near future. She may decide to help her senior partner by attacking Russia. She will have also to pay increasing attention to the Solomon and other islands round Australia where the Americans are gradually mounting an offensive and where she has already received some bad knocks.

But these developments will not by themselves prevent an attack upon India. In fact wherever else she may sit tight on the defensive, she cannot afford to do so in Burma. The recapture of Burma is vital not only to Britain but to China in order to open her lines of communication and supply. Burma is thus going to be a crucial front in Asia and Japan will not lightly go its hold over it. The Japs know moreover what Britain is still reluctant to learn—than an offensive is the best defence.

Japan is, therefore, likely to mount an attack upon India as soon as weather conditions permit—if only to forestall and prevent general Wavell's offensive. The British have had nearly four months to complete their defences and make the necessary preparations for an offensive. The American Air Force has already displayed considerable activity over Burma, though strangely enough the Japs have been very quiescent in this respect.

Total War

A decisive showdown in Burma cannot be, therefore, deferred for long. One presumes that General Wavell is in a position to turn the tables upon Japan especially because China, too, will launch her supporting counter-offensive simultaneously. Whatever the excellence of her military preparations, however, Britain has once again ignored the political side of this war. She seems to have forgotten the bitter lessons learnt in Malaya, Java and Sumatra and Burma itself. She has jettisoned the first prerequisite of a total war.

This is not the place to expatiate upon the Indian political situation and I have so long scrupulously avoided mixing foreign military with our political issues. But one can no longer afford to do so when the war threatens India itself. In a total war the political factor is as paramount as the military one. The deplorable developments of the last month cannot be lost sight of even from the purely military point of view.

The solution of the Indian impasse is vital not only to the interests of India and Britain. It is equally so for China, America and Russia. I am sure that Britain, America and China will do their level best to fight the war of Burma and India. But it is paradoxical that they alone should do it or that if they do so, victory should quickly be theirs. Not even the association of professional Burmese and Indian soldiers can give a hundred per cent guarantee of victory.

The war of Malaya and Burma was lost because—apart from other reasons—of a large measure of apathy, if not hostility of the very people on whose soil and in whose name the war was being fought. The danger to India will be speedily dissipated if the Indian people are enabled to fight it as their own war—as the Chinese are fighting for China, as the Russians are fighting for Russia and as the British fought for Britain in 1940.

A total war is the people's war; whosoever wages it, the people alone can win it.

SLOWLY CHANGING SCENE IN CHINA

Brake On Japanese Successes

Everything possible is being done to make young China air-minded. Everywhere in schools boys are being taught the beginnings of aviation in gliders. Chungking is believed to be the only city in the world, besides Moscow, which has a parachute tower. On holidays the populace queue in hundreds for a parachute descent from its top.

More perhaps than any country, China has learnt the fearful power of the aeroplane. For five years the Japanese have sailed about over China, almost unmolested, dealing death and destruction. Now at last the boot is on the other foot. Even with the small amount of help in aeroplanes that has been arriving from India since early in June, some nasty knocks have been dealt to the Japanese. Chungking, the most-bombed capital in the world, has not been bombed once this summer, whereas Hankow, the Japanese main position in Central China, has been attacked several times.

This is only an earnest of what is to come. With the arrival of American planes and aviators, China's fortunes have definitely taken a turn for the better. Early in May, the Japanese launched an attack with three very formidable columns down through Chekiang, the "bomb Tokyo" province which lies just south of the Yangtze Delta. They had everything in their favour—armoured vehicles, guns and aeroplanes, and an excellent railway running right through the province. The Chinese opposed to them there had no aeroplanes and were too far from the arsenal of Western China to have received more than a modicum of guns, and those were of no great size.

It is fair to the Chinese to say that they did not wait for aeroplanes from India before hitting back. They were helped by the mostly mountainous state of Free China, by their numbers and mobility, and by the fact that all peasants had turned guerillas to help them in destroying bridges, blocking roads and so forth.

In general pattern, Japanese attacks this summer have been, as so often before, a short advance—and then a hold-up. They have got stuck, but now, if the supply of aeroplanes from India can be increased, they should not be able even to stick where they are. Transport planes are also reaching China from India, and already the quantity of material they bring in is reported to compare favourably with that of the Burma Road, although at present the carrying capacity of each plane is limited to 3½ tons.

So altogether the Chinese feel happier than they did a few weeks ago. It is significant that on July 30 the German radio commentator dwelt on the difficulties that Japan encounters in the vastness of China "which prevent an all-out offensive." She must, therefore, be satisfied (the commentator said) with "eliminating strong points from which danger threatens." From the record of recent times one may hope that before long the elimination will be the other way round.

(—"The Daily Mail")

THREE YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT

By Phyllis Bentley

(The Distinguished English Author)

War, which used to be a matter of hired armies in the field, has now become the prime concern of the whole common people, and so I make no apology for speaking of Britain's three years of war personally as one of the common people dwelling in that frontline fortress of the present war—the British Isles.

We went to war in September, 1939, from a deep sense of duty, because we knew we must. We were not attacked, and there were plenty of indications that we could have had good terms from Hitler—good, rich blackmail terms—if we stayed out.

But we did not stay out. The British Commonwealth was the first to declare war on Hitler without being attacked by him, and we have been in the war all the time.

The Navy's Part

The Navy has fought, and is fighting, in the Atlantic, Pacific, Mediterranean, North Sea, Arctic, the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, and the Indian Ocean. They convoy food to feed 45,000,000 British people; they convey food and munitions right through "Italy's" sea to Malta; they convoy troops right round Africa to the Middle East, and across the Atlantic from Canada and the U. S. A. to Britain; they convoy munitions, planes, tanks, guns, railway engines, waggons, cloth and boots north through that dangerous, dark, icy route to Russia.

At any given moment—now while you are reading this—600 British naval vessels are at sea. More than 6,250,000 tons of Axis shipping were sunk, damaged or captured by the Royal Navy up to the end of June, 1941. Convoys' navy escorts are composed of merchant ships, and, what with keeping in line and keeping course, and Axis submarines, mines and aircraft, it is no light task sailing in a merchant ship to-day. Yet they will keep on doing it.

The Twelfth Front

Meanwhile, what has the Army raised in Britain done? Nobody is more eger for a second front (at the right time and place) than I am, but I wish people would give it its proper name and call it the twelfth—which in fact it will be. That our Army has had help—and splendid help—from other parts of the British Commonwealth and our friends elsewhere, we gratefully acknowledge.

I do not think anybody is in much doubt about the contribution of the R. A. F. we have seen the time of bombers stemmed and held and turned—there will be waves over us again, no doubt, but never again as heavy as those which we can send over the enemy. Our 1,000-bomber raids, our 175,000 fire bombs on Hamburg in 35 minutes, are too well-known to need description, but the fact which reveals, the sustained attack continually pouring forth from these islands is that 7 892 separate attacks were delivered by the R. A. F. on land targets up to the end of July, 1942.

The Production Front

In June, 1942 Britain was turning out more muntions per head than any other country in the world. In June, 1942 we were producing ammunition for big guns at the rate of 25,000,000 rounds a year and for small arms at the rate of 2,000,000,000 rounds a year. More than one of our factories to-day turn out a finished plane every two hours. It was not only our lads in light blue who defeated the Luftwaffe in September, 1940, but the excellence of our planes and engines. Ships, planes, tanks, guns, mines, bombs. We have made more, more and more, with less and less man-power to make them, as our men poured into the armed forces.

Not Much Fun

Three long, hard years of increasing production every day. Do not think they have been easy, those three years. Long hours; surrendered ambitions; unfamiliar work—they are not easy. The heaviest taxation a free people ever subjected itself to—that is not much fun. A single person earning £500 a year pays £156 in income-tax; if he earns £1,000 he pays £381 in taxes. And you haven't finished then. There are taxes on tea, beer, cigarettes: there are heavy taxes on "luxury" goods which used to be ordinary necessities. On a woman's hat, for instance, you pay purchase tax amounting to two-thirds of its wholesale value. No! Taxes in Britain aren't much fun.

The food ration system, though it is just efficient and works extremely well, is not much fun; the housewife's buying-in is a continual mathematical problem. No! Conscription, black-out, air raids, fire-watching, Home Guard national service, long hours, few holidays, food rationing, clothing rationing, business concentration, petrol rationing, taxes, war savings, salvage—and always the Germans 21 miles away and the radio announcer saying "The next of kin have been informed"—No! None of that is a joke.

Far From Tired

But are we tired? Does our resolution weaken? Do you hear us saying "We've had enough of our 11 fronts and would like to reduce the number?"

On the contrary, production steadily rises—rises—and the strongest demand all over Britain to-day is for yet another front. We hold mass meetings; we fill our papers with talk of the coming offensive in Europe; travel in any bus or train in the British Isles to-day, and before your journey's end you will hear a couple of arguments about it. Arguments? Yes—on how soon we can begin. Every citizen in these islands is clamouring to fight and work harder than he has ever done before.

For who makes all this possible? Who held this front-line fortified point for a year pretty well alone? Who fights the wide world over in Navy, Army, R. A. F.? Who "backs them up" in the women's services, A. T. S., W. A. A. F. S., W. R. N. S.? Who are those nearly two millions in the Home Guard sworn to defend their homes against invasion? Who, when bombs dropped and fires soared, rescued the trapped, put out the fires, and went to work the next day as usual? Who makes the ships, planes, tanks, mines, bombs and guns? Who put 6,000,000 extra acres under the plough during three years of total war?

Just Ordinary People

Just the ordinary people of Great Britain. All—all of them. Young and old. Men and women. Two out of every three men and women between the ages of 14 and 65 are doing full-time war work. The remaining third are housewives with young children, part-time wodkers, workers engaged in some trade which though not classified as vital war work, is necessary to keep the population alive and working. Children are busy with war savings and salvage; the old have returned to their former tasks to release the able-bodied. Women—well! Women pack parachues, fire anti-aircraft guns, drive cranes, fill ordnance fuses, hammer home ship rivets, cope with aeroplane wings, make and test precision instruments. They are porters, bus conductors, clerks, army cooks, radio locators, electric welders.

Thel all these workers after their daily work usually do some extra war work as a "nobby." Fire-watching, civil defence, canteens, blood transfusion, Home Guard. Just ordinary citizens of Great Britain, all of them.

On The Offensive Now

This is the third anniversary of the outbreak of war. For two and a half years we fought a defensive war. We were a peace-loving nation caught unprepared, and defensive war was at first all that we could manage. (That was managed at all is one of the world's great marvels).

But now the case is altered. We have our friends about us now; we stuck out bad, lean times; we have solved the problem of production. We kept a smile in our worst days, and we keep a smile to-day; but to-day the smile is different. For now we are at last able to attack. We have begun in our air raids to "hand it out" instead of "taking it", and we certainly do enjoy the change.

Yes; now we are going to attack, to take the offensive. We are going to win the war; we are going to win the peace. We are going to build a new world founded on justice, friendliness, freedom—together. The plans are already laid, and we go proudly forward, united nations. Henceforth we mould events. We hereby dedicate ourselves to the future.

Axis Loses Over 6 Million Tons Of Shipping

ROYAL NAVY PLAYS GREAT ROLE IN WAR FOR DEMOCRACY

(From London by Special Cable)

Never in its history has the Royal Navy had to face tasks so enormous as those imposed on it during this war.

The Axis holds the continental coast from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay, with its bases for aircraft, submarines and surface craft; it threatens every voyage which our vessels make through the Mediterranean; and, with the entry of Japan into the war, there remain few parts of the seven seas wherein convoys which carry food and supplies to the battlefronts of the United Nations can sail unmolested.

TWO THINGS STAND OUT

Two things stand out as tribute to the power of the Royal Navy. In spite of submarine and air attack, enough food has been brought to Britain to make her the best-fed nation in Europe; and men and munitions have been safely transported to every British and Allied battlefront

More than 100,000 British and Allied vessels have been convoyed, and the losses in these convoys up to March, 1942 had been kept down to less than one-half of one per cent

Convoying is for the Royal Navy an endless and very heavy routine; it is mostly unspectacular; it is also absolutely vital. But for this essential daily work of convoy, our war effort could hardly carry on at all. Troops are being convoyed enormous distances to battlefronts all over the world. To send reinforcements to the Middle East around the Cape is a voyage of 11,000 miles, and the route to India is about the same.

BLOW TO AXIS SHIPPING

Over 6,100,000 tons of German and Italian merchant shipping has been sunk, damaged or captured by the Royal Navy, together with the R.A.F., up to June 30, 1942. Two and a half million tons of Axis shipping was captured, sunk or seriously damaged during 1941. Three Axis battleships, 15 cruisers, 59 destroyers, many submarines and still more naval auxiliaries were amongst those sunk.

In the Mediterranean the Royal Navy has won all major actions including those at Taranto and Cape Matapan.

It is calculated that the Italian fleet has lost one battleship, 11 cruisers, 40 destroyers and a large number of submarines. Three hundred and twenty-six enemy ships—64 of them warships of various kinds—were sunk or damaged by our submarines up to February, 1942.

MUSIC
FOR EVERY
MOOD!
9 Sweet Songs From
Dalsukh Pancholi's
Khak-Daan
Please Every Heart!
20th WEEK
NEW WEST END
Daily: 3, 6 and 9 p.m.

"Don't think for one minute I'm suggesting that she ain't respectable, but 'ow did she get that black eye, with her 'usband at the Front?"

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL

WHY CHURCHILL?

By THOMAS RAINSBORO'

THERE IS SOMETHING to be said for Mr. Churchill's Government and it has been exhaustively said.

The eager Parliamentary Private Secretaries, the brackenised B.B.C, and the 2D-ed press raise a symphony of praise to the head of the least successful War Administration in Britain for 170 years.

Lest the trumpets should falter and give forth an uncertain note, there is every Saturday afternoon a blast from that indefatigable First Lord of the Orchestra, Mr. A. V. Alexander. The Master himself now speaks less frequently, though often enough. For he has little new to communicate. A Churchill oration to-day is not a tonic to the public but a hangover.

The form has become stereotyped. It opens with the familiar picture of June, 1940, "when we stood alone and almost with bare hands". Thus does Churchill wash his own hands of anything that occurred before June, 1940. The recital proceeds 'via' the Battle of Britain and the Blitz, dips into the Atlantic, skirts Libya, bypasses Crete, and comes briefly to the Hitler assault on Russia in June, 1941. We travel on to the Atlantic Charter and dwell on its profound significance, which is necessary, since nobody whatever now remembers one word of it.

Then comes the Jap swoop on Pearl Harbour and the long sad story of Malaya, Singapore and Java, mingled with references to our misfortunes at sea in that area. Ah! How could the most far-sighted statesman—or most crapulous critic—have foreseen this melancholy concatenation of disasters? Particularly painful to one who boasts so often that he never boasts at all, and who had so confidently counted on another year of piling up the Allied strength until in 1943 we could begin to march across the sunlit uplands towards the beckoning crest of Final Victory. Such is the Blenheim version of the Churchill Saga.

It falls on the fed-up ears of millions of Britons—just as I imagine the Hitler saga now numbs the ears of millions of Teutons. These reminiscences bear no more relevance to our present discontents than would the testament of the late Mr. Chamberlain explaining Munich and 'his' struggle.

His War Record

What is to be said 'against' the Churchill Government? Quite a lot also, though little will be published if Churchill has his way. We shall do here what we can. But first let us point out that the history of this war, and of Mr Winston Churchill's part in it, did not begin in June or May, 1940, when he became Prime Minister. Churchill has been a member of the British War Cabinet since the first days of the war. He joined Mr. Chamberlain as First Lord of the Admiralty on September 3rd, 1939, and from that day forward he was accorded by his colleagues the leading military role in their counsels. The British nation has had nearly three years of Churchill warmaking.

In this earlier period we already had some glimpses of his capacity in this direction. In the days of the Russo-Finnish War and that phase in the West so accurately designated as "the phoney war" Churchill built up for himself on the Sunday night radio a Quentin Reynolds reputation for vehement and colourful abuse of the enemy. One Sabbath the great strategist took for his text the alleged failure of the Red Army to break or turn the Mannerheim Line. (In fact the Red Army shortly afterwards stormed the strongest fortified zone then existing in the world by frontal assault within three weeks of mounting the attack). Quoth Churchill: "Thus does Communism rot the soul of its victims in peace, and make it abject in war!"

A few weeks later came the Hitlerite invasion of Norway. Churchill first estimated that the Fuehrer had committed a bigger blunder than that of Napoleon in invading Spain in 1808; next he assured the world that we should take what enemy ships we chose from off the Norway coasts (the Skagerrak was going to be the positive graveyard of Hitler's sea power); finally Churchill as First Lord mucked up the dispositions of the British fleet which was supposed to be covering the Scandinavian flank of the still quiescent Western Front.

Open Charges

I make these open charges: (1) That it was Churchill, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, who by his wirelessed orders sent the British warships off on a fool's errand to the north while the German warships forced the south Norway fjords; and (2) it was Churchill who held back the British Admirals from breaking into Trondheim while there was still time to eject the newly-landed Germans. No wonder Churchill, on the dramatic Norway debate which killed Chamberlain and made himself King, defended the British Government with all his fire and skill. No wonder that Churchill has ever since discouraged recriminations about Norway and refused all other inquiries into our naval and military reverses. This Chief Constable does not want too many investigations, for he is conscious whose finger-prints might be discovered. In the last Great War, when we also suffered fearful setbacks, we also had inquiries. One was into the Mespot horror, so vividly re-told in Lloyd George's War Memoirs. Another was into Gallipoli. Mr. Churchill as well as the rest of us, learned a lesson from Gallipoli. No inquiries!

I COME to the Great Premiership.

It cannot be charged that Churchill took the final decision to send the British Army entrenched in Flanders forward into Belgium on the morning of May 10th, 1940. When power fell to him later that day the British troops were already marching out of their prepared positions into the German trap But Churchill had participated in the previous agreement by the Chamberlain Cabinet to perpetrate this cardinal military folly. French politicians and French generals are to-day standing their trial for their share in it. Am I making plain why Churchill, on succeeding Chamberlain, said magnanimously, "No recriminations against the Guilty Men!" and included so many in his own Cabinet?

Ludicrously Romantic

Churchill always had a ludicrously romantic conception of the real value of the French Army. The fellow's head is stuffed with the same nonsense about Napoleon and his tradition as it is about Marlborough. Churchill, which comprise it the British War Premier and Minister of Defence knows less than his Minister of Information.

Before the Battle in the West opened Churchill took the same view as those wooden-headed, iron-sided English generals who were daring Hitler to "come on". He had the same penetrating vision as General Gamelin himself—or General Georges, whom Mr. Churchill particularly favoured for the Supreme Allied Command.

As for the Maginot Line—it was IT! The Maginot was the *ne plus ultra* of 1940. Two or three times in the winter of 1939-40 the then First Lord of the Admiralty had felt it his duty to visit both the British and French zones fronting the enemy and there to poke his nose into the defences. (Mr. Hore-Belisha, then War Minister, showed unusual restraint in refraining from returning the call by inspecting the Scapa Flow defences, which stood in equal need of scrutiny). From all these operations Churchill returned without expressing the least anxiety about the impregnability of the Western Front. It is a matter of Cabinet history, incidentally that Hore-Belisha finally inflamed the hostility of the generals by giving voice to *his* doubts.

Bare Of Arms

So we come to the battle of Flanders, Dunkirk, and the Battle of France. None will ever deny or denigrate Churchill's personal services in these black days He had no choice than to order the evacuation of the British Army. When the Army returned to these shores it was destitute of arms. The whole country was bare of arms. I declare that Churchill, the Modern War Lord, has never yet grasped the elementary fact that an army is just as good (or bad) as the social foundations on which it rests. The shrilling bugles go to his head! He hears the deep drums—and he is drunk! He sees the proud fluttering flags—and he could weep! He often does! About the solid industrial base of modern armies and the inter-relation of those economic forces after nine months in the War Cabinet, must bear some responsibility for that. Nevertheless his spirit and voice magnificently rallied the country in its desperate plight. The man was great in our hour of defeat, and if none of his present political lackeys will write that on his tomb, I will take time off to do it.

I say now that we cannot fight a war for a world on grateful memories. Nor do I personally hold so poor a view of my countrymen as to suppose that if Churchill had failed to promise that Britain would fight on the beaches we should all have surrendered to the first Nazi on Dover Pier. History will write that if Winston Churchill saved Britain in June, 1940, Britain also did a bit towards saving Winston Churchill and party. But I concede him his ancient glory. I am concerned here, along with millions of my fellow citizens, only with the man's capacity to carry the war forward. Of this I will give further and faithful account

(To be continued).

We make no apology for reprinting the following article (first of a series of three) from "Tribune" the well-known left-wing weekly founded by Sir Stafford Cripps. If nothing else, it will help to sharpen the critical faculties of the reader.

8th Week Finds it At The Peak Of Popularity!
MINERVA'S Sweet Entertainer
with **the Violin Touch**
PHIR MILENGE
Director: SOHRAB MODI
TO-DAY
1, 4, 7 & 9-30 P. M.
Daily: 4, 7 & 9-30 p.m.
CENTRAL
AN EVERGREEN RELEASE

A Rib-Tickling Romance *8th Week!*
TO SHAKE YOU WITH LAUGHTER!
KUNWARA-BAP
ACHARYA ARTS' Spicy Show!
Starring: K. SAHU, PROTIMA DAS GUPTA
LAMINGTON
Daily: 4-15, 7, & 10 p. m.
Sat., Sun. & Holidays at 1-30 p. m.

Unprecedented Achievement By W. I. A. A. Staff In Bombay Football

By J. C. Maitra

That wonder team—the W.I.A.A. Staff—has not only broken all previous records in Bombay football but has set up a precedent which will be extremely hard to beat in the years to come. With three successive championships to their credit this season, the Nadkarni Cup, the Western India Championship and the Senior Division of the Harwood League—by itself an unique achievement—this Indian team marched forth to carry away the fourth trophy of the season in a row last Saturday. There were many who had fondly hoped that the Y.M.C.A. who were their sole conquerors in the League and during the season, would succeed in preventing the Hinrichs Shield from going to them. But they were sadly disappointed.

HOPES SHATTERED

No doubt, the Y.M.C.A. entered the final round with a great flourish of trumpets by defeating the City Police and the Royal Artillery in the pre-ultimate stages. But they found the Motorists too nippy and clever for them. In short the Young Men were literally outclassed, outplayed and outmanoeuvred in every department of the game. A smart shower of rain just before the commencement of the contest had raised high hopes in the minds of the booted Y.M.C.A. players and their supporters that they would be able to get the better of their barefooted rivals under the slushy conditions. Unfortunately for them, the ground conditions did not suffer sufficiently to become a handicap to the unshod W.I.A.A. players.

EXCELLENT TEAM-WORK

The Automobilemen had two new players in their ranks, Raju replacing Naidu at the right wing and Gafoor substituting Narayan at right half. The former is not half as good as Naidu, though he showed up well in the final match. Gaffoor, however, did well in his place. In fact, the Motorists played brilliantly, to a man from beginning to end. Only I wish the forwards were not so selfish at times. With a host of defenders in front and about them, they tried to dodge and dribble frequently which neutralised their chances of scoring more often than once during the day. It stands, however, to the credit of Dhakuram that he passed the ball most unselfishly to Thomas standing in a better position which helped the latter to book the winning goal.

QUESTIONABLE TACTICS

As is their wont when fighting a losing battle, the Y.M.C.A. players resorted to questionable tactics towards the closing stages of the game. The bare feet—rather than the ball—came in for their particular attention. This gave them an opportunity to swarm round the W.I.A.A. goal during the last few minutes of play. They were rather fortunate in the award of a spot-kick by Referee S. C. Ghosh. From what I saw from the stands, it seemed to me that Kadirvelu, the W.I.A.A. Custodian, pushed down Beswick, one of the attackers and cleared the ball away. While he was doing so. Pacey jumped on him and he threw him down, too. Apparently both the players were at fault. Therefore, both of them merited caution. Fortunately for the W.I.A.A., Humphreys, the Y.M.C.A. Captain, failed to convert the penalty-kick.

A SIMILAR INCIDENT

The above incident recalls to mind another which happened about 15 years ago at the Cooperage. It was a memorable Rovers Cup match between the Aryans of Calcutta and the Attached Section. It had to be played four times before the tie could be decided. If I remember aright, it was on the third occasion Mozumdar of the visiting team made a violent dash against the Section Custodian when the latter had the ball in his hands. The goalie, I forget his name now, threw the ball away and knocked down his opponent as well. The referee ordered Mozumdar off the field but did not take any action against the other player. The Committee suspended Mozumdar for a day, but refused to penalise the other offender because the referee had made no report against him. I did not agree with these views either.

POPULAR SUPPORT

There is not the least doubt the W.I.A.A. fully merited their magnificent victory. And it was a popular triumph. All classes of people heartily congratulated Murthy and Co. on their unrivalled success. I join with them as did 'Duggie' Moir, the President of the W.I.F.A. What a crowd there was! The western gates had to be closed long before the match commenced. If there were stands at the East and South sides, they would also have been flooded. In their absence, 'fans' had to stand or sit as best as they could. Hundreds of people were sitting on the corrugated fencing! Despite the inconvenience they thoroughly enjoyed the thrilling engagement Needless to mention, N E. Murry, the "Chancellor of the W.I.F.A. Exchequer," was happy beyond words at the swelling bank balance.

FURTHER CHANCES

I should not be at all surprised if the W.I.A.A. wins the Rovers Cup and the Satiranjan Shield also. Among the best of entrants for these two competitions I do not see any team capable of defeating the Automobile combination. It is said that the Bata's team from Calcutta will include some of the Mahomedan Sporting players. Therefore, we may expect them to do their best to emulate the example of their redoubtable leaders. Whatever happens, I suggest that the W.I.F.A. should now give some suitable memento to the individual members of the Champion team. They have done enough already to deserve them.

MEMENTO FOR PLAYERS

So far they have received four certificates each. However much one may prize them, it must be said that they cannot be as much appreciated as Cups and medals. The W.I.F.A. decided, at the beginning of this season, to give certificates instead of the usual prizes, because they were afraid that this would be a very lean year owing to the prevailing war situation. Up to this time the season has proved an unexpectedly paying one. So there is no question of its not affording it now. I have every hope the Association will accept my suggestion, as it did in the case of Jehangir Patel, President of the W.I.A.A., who was presented with a clock. It is a matter of great pity that the present situation has prevented the W.I.A.A. from participating in the I.F.A. Shield at Calcutta, and other prominent tournaments in the country.

WEALTH OF TALENTS

With such a fine wealth of talents within our fold, we are also unable to take part in the Inter-Provincial Tournament. I feel confident that a properly selected team from Bombay would hold its own against any side in India to-day. In point of mastery of the game, its tactics and strategy, our players, I make bold to say, yield to none. What they need is experience under different conditions, climes and atmospheres. It is for the Association to help them in gaining it. I have every hope the W.I.F.A. would do its best in this respect. Unfortunately the present situation would not permit it now. Latest advice from Calcutta tells us that the A.I.F.F. has postponed the Santosh Trophy Tournament 'sine die'. owing to the disturbances in various parts of the country.

UNSPORTING CONDUCT

From reports that I have seen in the press, it appears that the contest between the Y.M.C.A. and the City Police in the Hinrichs Shield was in the nature of an All-in Wrestling bout. Some players went out of hand and did what they liked. The poor referee. M. C. Kotian in this case, has all the blame for it. It is true that if he had dealt with the delinquents with a strong hand from the beginning, some of the regrettable episodes which spoilt the match would not have been enacted. Kotian has paid the penalty for his weakness—in that he has been suspended for six weeks, which means the rest of the season. J. A. Scott, another referee, has also been suspended for the same period but not as a referee but as a player. It is said that he was the chief culprit of the day. I wish action was taken against some of the other players who disgraced the name of sport on that day. It is a matter of shame to the two prominent clubs that their players who are expected to set the example should behave in such an unsporting manner that it should call for action against the referee.

Students On The March

By "VANGUARD"

More and more, high pricesare creating an impossible situation in every home. Not only are the prices of books and paper going up, the prices of basic necessities of life are sky-rocketting everywhere. Rent shoots up: grain, salt, kerosene can be got with great difficulty at black market rates. Students are coming out spontaneously for rigid price-control. They demand that profiteering be checked with the utmost firmness.

The strain of high prices on students and parents in Kerala is terrible. The prices of paper, books and other stationery have gone up to fantastic heights. A note-book costing 3 annas formerly, costs 10 annas now. Housing and rent, too, are problems of immense dimensions. All this has made the continuation of education almost impossible.

The All Kerala Students' Federation gave a call for a Students' Day when mass meetings were organised all over Kerala to demand a Government check on the profiteering by merchants and landlords and the opening of Government Stores at controlled prices. These demonstrations secured widespread support from the people and the Press and the Government was forced to yield to a certain extent.

This is how the Kerala students have been mobilised for a general drive against all forms of profiteering and have taken the initiative in fighting for their parents' demands—the people's demands.

★

A number of reforms to be introduced in Delhi University, have just been announced. They meet, to some extent, the demands made by the students at their annual conferences. Yet, they need certain amendments to benefit the students all the more. So, the Delhi Provincial Students' Federation had chalked out a programme for popularising the scheme and demanding these essential modifications.

The main reform is the substitution of a three year course for the present four year course.

The Federation has demanded that along with the reorganisation of secondary education, there should be more amenities (by way of games, sports and social activities) for the school students. A certain maximum number of students has been fixed for each college. The Federation remarks that it is not desirable to restrict education in the University as a whole and demands the opening of more colleges in Delhi. The minimum salary of the teaching staff has been fixed; and the appointment and dismissal of teachers is no longer subject to the caprices of the Governing Bodies, but it subject to the approval of the University. But as Delhi University is a Government-controlled body, there is every likelihood of teachers being appointed or dismissed according to their political convictions. Hence the Federation demands that the Managing Committee be decided by popular vote. The Federation adds that the present University Library must be enlarged and the students must be represented on the Managing Committee of the Library.

The whole purpose of the scheme is to have in the University only those students who are interested in definite subjects and come with a definite purpose. To avoid an aimless drift into the University, the Government has established a Polytechnic. The Federation states that the Government must provide openings for all students as cannot go to the University by opening more than one Technical and Industrial Institutes in Delhi.

After the war, the colleges are to be shifted nearer the University and a residential university is to be built up.

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'I Flew The Atlantic'

(Continued from Page 10)

cabin roof taking star sights with his sextant and now he reported that we were a little off course.

Unbelievably Cold

He just stuck his chart in front of my nose and showed me the blob he had made on the chart. It was way off the marked-out track drawn on the chart. I nodded, made the compass correction and then switched in 'George' again. It was getting almost too cold to talk. It was unbelievably cold, striking through all the special clothing I was wearing. I thought of the stories I had heard of temperatures of minus forty degrees experienced inside on these Atlantic ferry flights. I was half numbed now and yet my thermometer showed an outside reading of merely twenty-five below, and the perspex was still clear of ice and the engines were running beautifully.

Carnera had plenty to do because we do the Atlantic flight in five 'logs', and so with checking and frequently changing courses the navigator has his hands full. But Jock the gunner had nothing to do except to sit and suck oxygen, and Darkie merely had to sit listening and ready at his radio in case we wanted a bearing or ran into trouble. So I talked to them both a lot to keep them awake and cheered up.

The worst thing about a long night flight at great heights is the monotony. There was nothing to see but the stars and the clouds far below. We had long lost the company of the other bombers and flew alone. Between bursts of chat about anything at all I busied myself taking instrument readings and now and then took over from 'George' and did a bit of flying. And I thought a lot—among other things how surprised my mother would be to get a wire from me in England to-morrow—no, sorry, to-day—when she wouldn't be expecting my arrival for at least three weeks. And then inconsequently I thought: this Lockheed Hudson is the military version of the same machine in which Chamberlain flew to see Hitler for the last abortive attempt at peace. His eyes must have looked around at the same shape inside the hull as I am looking at. And now in the darkness I am flying the same machine to war, to the war Hitler asked for and got. The machine which bore the peace-seekers now carries bombs and guns. Oh well . . . These reflections were cut short by Carnera again. Thumb on chart he showed me that we were now half way over and dead on course. Allowing for time correction it was now just after five a.m. We opened up our thermos flasks and broke open the sandwich and chocolate containers. I turned round with my cup of hot coffee to say cheerio and good luck to the others and I saw Darkie and Jock ruefully looking in their cups. The engine vibration had turned the milk mushy and sour. Carnera was shaking his flask. But the cap couldn't have been screwed on enough and the contents had frozen solid. So they shared mine—about a sip each—and we each drank to a happy landing.

The Big Moment

So we went on. Dawn came, showing an unbroken floor of cloud below. Then two hours after dawn came the big moment. Darkie had been called from the English base diverting us from our course: enemy aircraft were suspected in the vicinity. They would probably be below clouds looking for shipping and we had to stay at our height for a time and keep a good look-out. Jock went to his guns grumbling because we were not allowed to go looking for them. How grand if we had a fight to end up with. How much grander if we got a Hun—four trainees bringing a bomber across the Atlantic. That was not to be. But now nearing home we were kept busy. There was a continual stream of course-changes coming over the radio as the home base, worried about us, kept guiding us in—though they needn't have bothered.

Ten hours to the dot after leaving Nova Scotia we got the order to come down. I popped out of the clouds to see a long sandy coastline, breakers beating against cliffs further up, green hills in the distance—old England! My crew came up and shook hands with me and I shook Carnera's twice because, after all, he did most of the job. Less than half-an-hour later we touched down, and I'm glad to say I made a very high-hat landing. We had arrived: twenty-three hours better than the time Lindbergh took over the job.

We tumbled out, stiff and bleary-eyed, to meet the welcoming grins of the ground staff who knew all about us. We had come in seventh—one out of our appointed position at the take-off.

'Good show', remarked the C.O. And when I said it was a pity that we'd arrived one out of our position he grinned and said: "Nice of you to come at all."—("London Calling.".)

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Man Who Deals Out Sinews Of War

Armed with the combination of methodical calculation and intuitive flash of the born engineer, Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell has the vast job of keeping the United States Army supplied, housed and transported, wherever it may be.

As Chief of the services of Supply—one of the three divisions functioning under the Chief of Staff—he must be ready at any time to supply American soldiers with anything from coffee to tanks.

Every one of the dozens of new military camps where the expanded Amtrican Army is now training bears the mark of Lieut.-Gen. Somervell. In addition, he supervised the building of factories for Army supplies and roads for Army travel. Within nine months, his Construction Division of the Quartermaster Corps built quarters for more than 1.200,000 men. Out of raw lumber and uncleared lands there rose more than 50 major troop-towns for 45,000 to 65,000 men each. And this was only part of his job.

Vast Building Programme

Awarded the Army Oak Leaf Cluster in 1942 for "the greatest building programme of modern times," Somervell summed up the programme as including "about 30 reception centres to take care of the selectees; a score or so of replacement training centres, where they can get preliminary training; about nine big general hospitals; 70 or 80 fields for the Air Corps; 50 harbour defence jobs; a hundred or more housing developments for defence project workers; 43 munitions plants and ordnance factories."

Tall, lanky with an easy going "country boy" air that contrasts with his powerful drive for accomplishment, Somervell comes from the southern part of the United States. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1914 and was commissioned a second-lieutenant in the Engineers Corps.

Engineer In France

When the United States entered the first World War, Somervell was one of the first U. S. Army engineers in France. He built ammunition dumps so well that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for the job.

After the war, he reported navigation conditions on the Rhine and the Danube, made a seven-volume study of the economic state of Turkey for Kemal Ataturk, and took charge of the construction of a ship canal across Florida.

Public Works Reorganized

In 1936, the Lieutenant-General was lent by the Army to the Federal public works programme and be completely reorganized and administered the work around New York City In three years, he supervised the construction of a dol. 40,000,000 airport, miles of roads, sewers, bridges, schools and recreational facilities.

All the experience gained in 28 years of diverse and difficult duties is being called into play in his present job. Rifles for the privates, caterpillar treads for tanks, flares for the signal pistols, flour for the bakers. wool for uniforms, powder for the bullets of machine-guns—the whole monster output of America's booming war industry pours through Somervell's efficient machinery into the hands of United States Army fighting men.

"Exploding" Stars Only An Illusion

"Exploding" stars don't really explode after all. Evidence presented to the American Astronomical Society here to-day indicates that the greatest cataclysm in the universe occurs when some over-energetic star merely "lets off a little steam."

When a new star, or nova, flares up in some distant part of the milky way its light may increase a hundred thousand fold in a few days. often making it appear as one of the brightest stars in the night sky, or, as in the case of Tycho's star of 1572, visible at high noon.

Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan observatory believes that such flare-ups are just the first burst of escaping matter and energy from an eruption in a relatively localized region of the star's interior, and that the main body of the star is not disturbed at all.

Illusion Is Explained

Observationally, new stars seem to expand rapidly during and after their outburst Which accounts for the prior belief that they were actually exploding. It was also thought that what remained of the star later contracted to occupy a somewhat smaller space than the original body.

It is this appearance which Dr. McLaughlin explains: "Enery is released a short distance below the surface of a small, dense star and matter is ejected at high velocity in the form of an expanding cloud which is dense enough to radiate like an expanding star during the early stages of the expansion. Actually, the main body of the star remains relatively undisturbed by the intense superficial eruptive activity."

However, after this tremendous main burst, the star is not through by any means, for a continuous eruption of gas occurs for several weeks with gradually decreasing violence. Finally, the main burst expands so far that it can no longer remain opaque, then the observed surface of the star seems to shrink and the light of the star declines because the radiating surface is smaller. The main burst forms a shell of gas which is eventually actually seen in the sky around the star, expanding at a speed of several hundred miles a second.

Spectrum Changes Persist

"There is no actual expansion or contraction of the star itself involved in this interpretation," said Dr. McLaughlin. "Gentter ejection of matter continues for years after the outburst, as shown by continuing changes in the star's spectrum"

Perhaps new stars are responsible for the formation of the "planetary nebulae," which are masses of diffuse gas usually surrounding a very hot star.

Dr. Arnold H. Menzel and L. H. Aller of Harvard, reporting on the distribution of matter in these planetaries, find the same elements in these "star shells" as in the stars themselves, chiefly hydrogen, helium, carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, which are the same elements most abundant in the sun and which five elements play an important role in the carbon cycle which releases the sun's energy, according to the well-known theory of Dr. Hans A. Bethe of Cornell

Further evidence of the existence of all known elements in the stars came in a paper from the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Victoria, British Columbia. Canadian astronomers, A. McKellar and W. H. Stillwell, find in nineteen of the cullest stars, of so-called R and N types, the element lithium. This is the lightest element next to the more abundant hydrogen and helium, and hitherto had been found definitely in only one star.

All these studies whether of novae, of N stars, of planetaries, are made by use of the spectroscope, which breaks light into its component colours, or wave lengths.—"New Yorkk Times.")

INDIAN WORKERS IN TRAINING IN ENGLAND

"Happy And Enviable Sojourn"

LONDON,

The following is an extract from the "Crewe Chronicle":—

A short time ago we published a letter from two Indians who had undergone a course of training in the Crewe railway works, expressing appreciation of the kind treatment and consideration received during their three months' stay in the town.

Their experience is borne out by two fellow countrymen, T. H. Pandurangan and G. M. Hussain, who are nearing the completion of their training and will shortly return to India, in a letter to the "Chronicle". They refer to their sojourn in Crewe as an extremely happy and enviable one.

"The trade union movement", they say, "has fostered fellow feeling among workers and employers Everyone greeted us with a smile and talked to us freely, eager to know more of India—her richness in culture and habits. and the living conditions of her people. They have taken us to their hearts. The workers were always willing to impart their knowledge and allowed us to handle the machines. The trade unionists gave us lots of information to organise on English lines the workers of our country".

A BOMBER AN HOUR!

By GEORGE MERRELL

The following is the text of a broadcast talk recently given from the All-India Radio, Delhi, by Mr. George Merrell, head of the American Diplomatic Mission, New Delhi:

It is a pleasure to discuss the question of American production and its relation to the American Offensive because of the fact that the production field is one of the most dramatic phases of the United Nations war effort. While we do not suggest that production alone will win a war, we feel that we should point out that victories on the battlefield can be won only after victories in the factories and on the assembly lines. Since the United States has been the largest peacetime producer in the world, it is perhaps natural that peculiar attention should be focused on American production. When war made production one of the steps to victory peace-time production in the United States became a major factor in the whole plan of military operations. Before the United States was attacked, as you may remember, President Roosevelt pointed out that the United States could and would become what he called the "arsenal of democracy". What the President meant by that was that the productive strength of the United States could and would be placed at the disposal of free peoples to defend their liberties.

No More Private Cars

In order to make this arsenal an effective producer under stress of war it was necessary to convert to military production the entire machinery normally devoted in the United States to the pursuits of peace. Some of you have heard of the task that was undertaken in making the American automobile industry a war producer instead of a peace-time producer. Prior to the attack on Hawaii the automobile industry was producing each year in the United States about 40,00,000 automobiles. Some of these, of course, were trucks for industry itself, but the largest part of that production was made up of private passenger cars for the transportation of individual persons. Their use is so widespread in the United States that they were simply called "pleasure" cars rather than the more correct term, "private" motor cars. When it became apparent that the United States was to undertake the greatest production job in history, one of the first steps was the declaration that no more of these private motor cars would be manufactured until the war was over. That decision made it possible to take the automobile plants, and after allowing for the necessary production of military motor cars, to turn the rest of the machinery, to the making of tanks, airplanes and munitions.

45,000 Tanks This Year

The production of 40,00,000 motor cars in one year required a large number of tools specially designed to do the various jobs required in making those automobiles. The tools required to make a tank are, of course, quite different from those required to make a motor car. Thus the automobile industry was faced with the necessity of what is called "re-tooling". The method of production, what we call in the United States the assembly line, or as it is frequently referred to, "mass production", remained the same, but the various tools that fashioned the parts to be fitted together on those assembly lines had to be manufactured and installed before production could go forward. That change was accomplished within a period of less than five months. The American motor car industry is now sending tanks off its assembly lines, instead of pleasure cars, and in that one phase of its production it will turn out more than 45,000 tanks this year.

Some of the motor car industry, however, was turned to other phases of production. This technique of rapid assembly was applied also to airplanes. In the ordinary way a four-engine bombing plane would require some months to build. It has more than 1,50,000 separate parts that have to be put together. A change in design requires several miles of blue prints. The system that made the rapid manufacture of motor cars possible was turned also to the manufacture of airplanes. And, as a result, the time required for that complicated operation was reduced to a minimum. At present one finished airplane is going out of the factories and on to the runways every eight and one-half minutes.

In January of this year President Roosevelt stated that 60,000 planes would be produced this year. It seems apparent that this number will be exceeded.

One of the most interesting of these airplane assembly plants is that constructed at Willow Run, Michigan, by Henry Ford, who was one of the founders of mass production technique. Mr. Ford has built at Willow Run the largest single airplane factory in the world. The assembly line in that factory is about three-quarters of a mile long, and the factory itself covers 25,00,000 square feet of floor space; 1,00,000 workmen are employed there in turning out four-engine bombing planes. Those planes, with all their complicated parts, are now leaving that factory at the rate of one every hour.

No More Radio Sets

But it was not only the automobile industry that was converted to military production. There are no more refrigerators being built in the United States. The electric refrigerator companies are now manufacturing airplane parts and munitions. No more radio receiving sets are being built for private use and radio manufacturing companies are now making such sets for the use of the army and navy, and are also manufacturing the delicate instruments that control planes, tanks and ships. A great company like the Baldwin Locomotive Company is still manufacturing locomotives at the rate of one a day, but in addition to that, is making steel plates for ships, shell cases and some heavy tanks.

All types, indeed, of peace time manufacture have been converted to war time production. The United States has normally 2,50,-00,000 industrial workers. At the present time more than half of these twenty-five million are engaged directly in war production. By the first of next year seventeen million will be producing for victory.

Revolution In Shipbuilding

Now, of course, the United Natons are fighting their battles in all parts of the world, and American production could not contribute weapons of ultimate victory unless there were means to transport these materials to the various battle fronts. Accordingly, there has been also a revolution in the American shipbuilding industry. The building of ships in normally a very slow and painstaking process. Ordinarily, even the simplest ocean-going freighter requires at least five months for completion. The larger and more complicated ships may frequently require more than a year in building. It has long been the practice to connect the steel plates that form the hulls of these ships by riveting them together. This means that on every ship hundreds and hundreds of thousands of rivets have to be driven and each rivet requires a special operation by one man to fit it into place.

Again, using the technique of mass production, American shipbuilders have discarded this practice and are putting these plates together by welding instead of riveting, and in some cases actually casting whole parts of the ships. By using methods such as these, the shipbuilders have been able to cut the time used in the production of a freighter from 156 days to 42 days, and they promise to reduce this even further. At the present time there are three ships being launched every day in the United States. By the first of the year those launching will take place at the rate of four a day. That means that during the next year the United States will be able to produce even more merchant ships than were in the entire great British merchant marine before the war.

Recently another very important development has entered the field of transportation. Because of the menace of submarines it has been decided to build airplanes for the transport of cargo. These are huge flying-boats capable of carrying fifty tons at a time. The programme has now been outlined whereby these great flying boats will be produced in quantity, and will supplement the new victory fleet in carrying the American materials of war to the various battle fronts.

Food For Victory

The United States has taken the offensive also in the important field of producing food, not only for her armies, but for distressed and needy persons throughout the world. There are 60,00,000 fertile farms in the United States and 3,00,00,000 farmers live on them. They have organized themselves in what they call the "Food for Victory" campaign, and are undertaking to increase the already large output of their farms. Normally, the United States produces much more food than the inhabitants can consume. Wheat, fruit, meat, vegetables, eggs and milk are shipped to all parts of the world. Now the American farmers are undertaking greatly to increase the output of all of these commodities so that the food will be available, not only during the war, but for the rehabilitation of distressed areas as soon as our victory is won. The quantity of food that can be produced is almost unbelievable. **In the matter of eggs, for example, the United States is producing this year in the "Food for Victory" campaign, 4,00,00,00,000 dozen eggs. Similarly, the United States is producing this year 63,00,00,00,000 litres of milk.**

Offensive In Spiritual Sense

And so the United States has taken the offensive not in a limited sense of an attack upon the enemy at one point, such as this recent campaign in the Solomon Islands. It has gone on the offensive in the large sense of mobilizing its manpower, its productive wealth, its farms, its factories, and its homes, so as to be able to carry the war to the enemy wherever he can be met and defeated. The United States is on the offensive not only in the military sense. It is taking the offensive in the spiritual sense. The United States has identified its cause and aims with the United Nations. The pledge to the fulfilment of those aims has been given. From that pledge there will be no turning back. The organized strength of aroused Americans has gone on the offensive, and it will stay on the offensive until the ultimate and inevitable victory is won.

Japan Wants To Dominate The World

(By Otto Tolischus, former Tokyo Correspondent of the "New York Times".)

Japan is seeking to dominate all the world, including the Axis nations.

Japanese propaganda indicates that the military clique now in control of the Tokyo Government is prepared to wage war for a hundred years.

Some of the more fanatic visionaries and ultra-nationalist organizations led by Toyama Nakano go further. To them the Japanese Emperor as a direct descendant of the sun goddess is by divine appointment both the Emperor and God of the mundane world and therefore is entitled to rule the earth.

Though they are willing to concede that the establishment of this divine rule will take some time, the trouble with their doctrine is that Japan never can rest until that rule becomes an actuality and until every nation receives it in the "proper place", according to the principle of Hakko Ichiu, which would make the world one household under the paternal sway of the Japanese Emperor.

As an imperialistic principle, this Shinto doctrine surpasses anything that Hitler ever concocted. Though for the moment it is directed mainly against Great Britain and the United States, its proponents do not conceal the fact that finally all nations, including the Axis, must bow to it.

Even the harder-headed Japanese "war gods" are fully aware and occasionally state publicly that if Germany wins in Europe, Germany and Japan must fight for world control though they hope that this will not be necessary until Japan has consolidated her expected victory and organized the "one thousand million" people of the Orient, including those of India.

As the Japanese spokesman explains, "from the East comes light". To the outside world there is a natural tendency to laugh off such flights of fancy as war propaganda. Actually it is good war propaganda for home consumption. It provides religious sanctions to the Japanese imperialists, thereby not only stiffening the national morale, but also justifying the systematic treachery and savagery.

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tent that people will go to bed about an hour earler so much less lighting will be necessary. Considered in the aggregate this saving may run to lakhs, because it represents about a third of the lighting bill. In these days of coal and oil shortage with consequent high prices this consideration has an importance which will grow from day to day. In fact on account of it the question of advancing the clock throughout the year and not only in winter deserves to be considered. If the discomfort of returning from office and from work in the heat of the early evening in the summer months is discounted or overcome by change from day to morning hours in the hot months of May and June, there is no reason why the clock should not be advanced in summer also. There would be a greater saving on the lighting bill.

A. R. P. NEEDS

A third reason for daylight saving has been created by the A. R. P. regulations. In winter if office workers are to return home before dark it would be necessary for them to begin their work earlier according to the system of daylight saving. As A. R. P. measures become more stringent the importance of this consideration increases.

The disadvantages are difficult to see. It may be some people may have to rise a little earlier, but for many even this sacrifice will not be demanded because between rising and office, they now have a margin of time for which there is little or no use. In this connection it is overlooked that if people rise an hour earlier they will also be going to bed earlier by the same length of time. As in countries where daylight saving is now observed, life easily adjusts itself to the new cycle of time.

Another argument that could be advanced is that if people want to save time in the evening they individually impose upon themselves early hours of work. The argument fails to take note of at least two factors; firstly, any individual attempt like this cannot succeed because it will conflict with hours maintained by other offices and persons. Secondly, civilisation has made us what may be called chronometric-minded. We tend to do certain things according to the hour of the clock and irrespective of the daylight available. Daylight saving in Europe is based on this psychological factor.

Daylight Saving

(Continued From Page 7)

WILLINGDON TIME

In 1934, Lord Willingdon introduced "Willingdon Time" for the Delhi Secretariat by which the office clock was advanced by an hour. Unfortunately, this was only a half measure; the office-time conflicted with the ordinary time outside and the disadvantages were felt more keenly than the advantages. To be effective and to secure the least dislocation the clock has to be moved forward not in respect of particular office, particular town, particular district, but in respect of the whole area in the same latitude. We require daylight saving for the whole of Northern India. For the rest of India where daylight does not vary considerably between the seasons daylight saving has only the advantage that it will reduce the lighting bill. If war time has made this a sufficient consideration then not ony Northern India but the whole of India, not only winter but the whole of the year, may have daylight saving.

BENGAL TIME

Daylight saving was till recently enforced in Bengal. The clock was put one hour forward largely as a war measure to enable people to get home before the darkness imposed by A. R. P. On account of the failure of other provinces to come in line Bengal has now reverted to ordinary time.

In England, it was the war which established daylight saving though since then, during years of peace, millions of pounds have been saved on the national lighting bill. It is to be hoped that the example of Bengal will not be lost and next winter, Northern India as a whole will be saving daylight.—*Broadcast from Lucknow.*

. . . AND AN UNKNOWN HEROINE OF CHINA

(Continued from page 5)

"I am an old woman," she said: "do I look as I had the strength to lead volunteers?"

The judge nodded, as though he agreed with the frail old woman. But the prosecutor had also accused her of giving information to the guerrillas.

"I haven't left my house since the last rice festival," she whined. "But my ancient ears hear things. Things about five men here in the village who get money from both sides. They are paid to tell the guerrillas when your troops march."

"Name them," roared the judge, "and I will let you go!"

Ma-ma Mosquito levelled a caloused finger at the Chinese spies who had caused her arrest.

"There!"

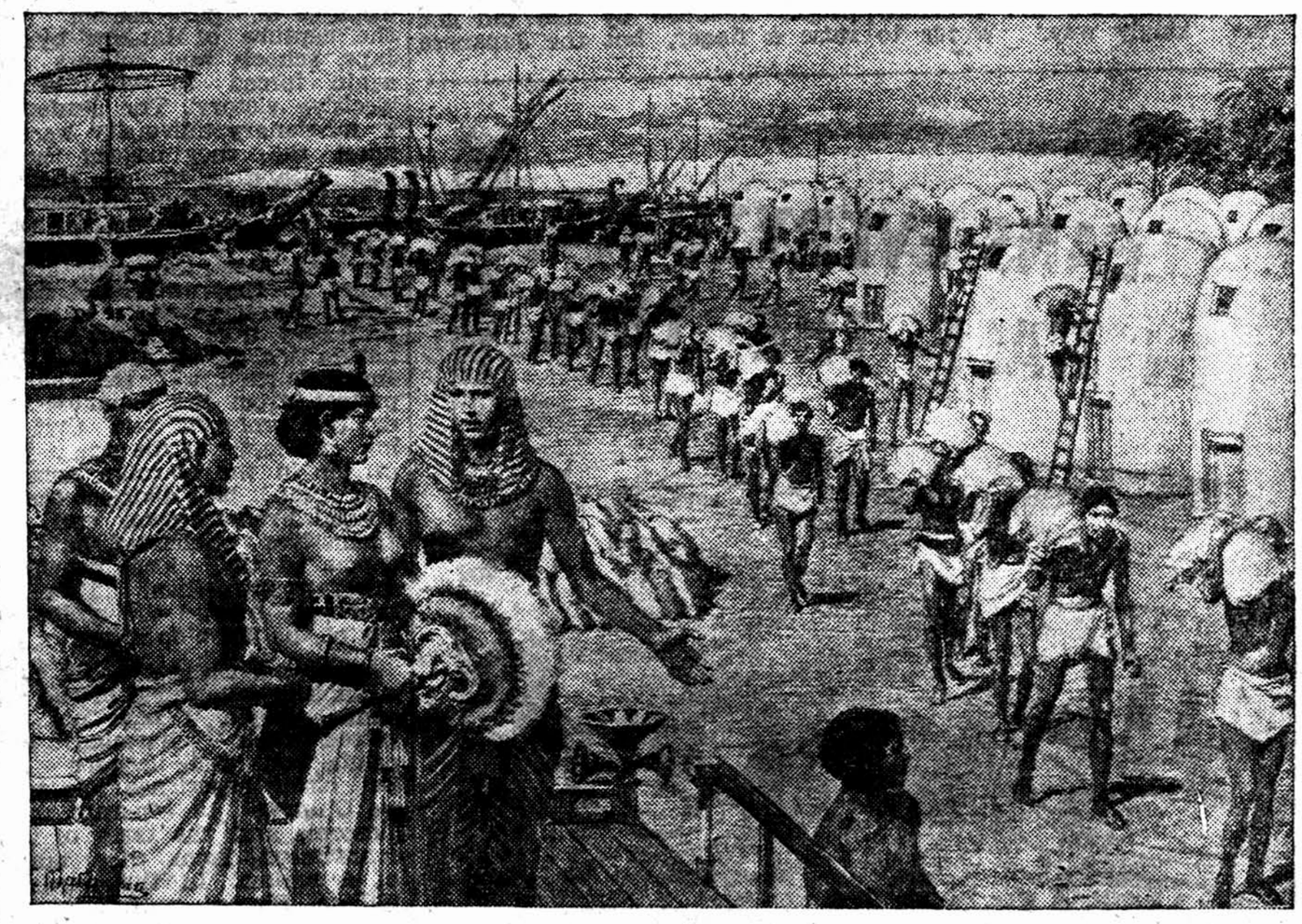
The speechless informers were executed. Ma-ma Mosquito fled.

Japanese secret agents carry her photograph, women police in Japanese-controlled centers examine every Chinese woman. But they did not recognize the blind vegetable woman with the ox-cart at Tientsin; they did not know that she got into Peiping a dozen times by squeezing her thin body through a hole in the north-east wall.

Once when she left Hankow, then in Chinese hands, the authorities sent an automobile to take her to the train. "What?" she snorted. "Ride in a motor-car? My troops might think I had forgotten how they have to live in the hills." She picked up her battered bag and walked to the railroad station, fierce, unbowed. Army commanders stood at attention as the train pulled out.

Haldship has drained much of her strength, and the net draws ever tighter. The last time the invaders sent an expedition against her base, they used 6,000 soldiers and 50 planes. When the noise was over, Ma-ma Mosquito crawled back into her hole, laughing. The guerrillas had lost only 17 men. She is still in her hills, uncaptured, an elusive angel of death.—"Collier's Weekly."

Aspects of an Industry No. 3



CORN IN EGYPT

EVER since Joseph stored corn in Egypt against the seven lean years, Man has had to face the problem of conserving food for himself and his livestock. Throughout the centuries this problem has steadily assumed greater importance. To-day it is vital. War has enormously increased the need for food conservation for man and beast alike. Millions of tons of produce of all kinds must be stored, preserved during transit and delivered to the consumer in a fresh and palatable condition. In the solution of this great problem the chemist plays a vital part. First he has developed an armoury of powerful weapons against the arch enemy — the bacteria which cause decay. Non-poisonous germicides ensure the sterile handling of meat and fish and the cleanliness of shop and store. Scientific detergents help to keep milk and other bottles free of bacteria. Refrigerants make long-term storage possible and facilitate the transport of fruit and other perishable foods. Secondly the chemist has come to the help of the farmer by developing processes which enable him to conserve grass either by drying it artificially or by making it into silage. At both ends of the scale British chemists are to be found helping in the work of conserving the food of Man and of the animals on which he depends.

ICI

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WHAT IS BUSHIDO?

Chinese Scholar Exposes Japanese Chivalry

By HSIAO CHIEN

As the immediate neighbour of Japan we Chinese have had the bad luck to be the first victims of the well-known Japanese 'bushido.' The implications of bushido—to anyone other than the Japs—has never been quite clear. The Japanese translate it as chivalry. We in China call it the blackest kind of villainy. For a time we looked upon it as a mere play on words, but the recent revelation of Japanese atrocities in Hong Kong and in Malay has served as a reminder that they can turn their words into deeds. A reminder to the world. The Japanese have always been clever with the misuse of words—a favourite pastime of their friends, the Nazis. The Japs call invasion 'collaboration' and domination 'co-prosperity sphere.' They nickname the enslaved 'Manchukuo,' the 'paradise of the kingly way.' Words to them are smoke-screens under which they make all their secret preparations. When their preparations are complete they remove these poorly fixed masks, and no longer bother about words.

The methods used by the Japs in occupied areas is a mixture of both crudeness and subtlety. After the fall of Canton the Japanese were anxious to have the deserted city filled up with people. To do so they stripped the Chinese living outside Canton of every ounce of their rice and then distributed it free to any who cared to go back. That was an example of crudeness.

Japanese Callousness

Normally a conquerer would probably be content as long as the people subdued by him did not raise a finger, but the Japanese expect more than that. They take pleasure in spitting on the face of their oppressed and still demand the one being spitted on to say: "Thank you, sir," and with a natural smile. When the overseas Chinese returned to their names in Amoy after that port had been occupied by the Japs, they were told to line up and strip naked. Then these newly landed people were sprinkled with a kind of stinking water which the Japs called anti-septic. What was the reason for this, or what did they gain by it? I cannot tell you. In Peking one of their favourite games was to force the local students to celebrate the Japanese 'imperial victory' by demonstrating on the streets with banners worded by the Japanese overlords—another example of pure sadism. After the capture of Hankow by the Japs, schools and colleges were again forced to celebrate that 'decisive victory'. The students of a missionary university were so upset that they begged the college authorities to help them out. A holiday was thus announced on some religious pretext. This infuriated the Japanese profoundly. The next day they sent an officer to the university for enquiry. He happened to see a professor from Austria who was naturalised as an American. Having listened to the vehement protest from the Japanese officer, the professor said that during the last war he was a junior officer in the German Army. He said that his division occupied several French towns and they themselves celebrated, but never compelled the local people to celebrate with them. This somehow was beyond the understanding of the Bushido officer

Mind you, while I speak to you about the callousness of the Japanese people, I have not forgotten their charming colour prints and their lacquer work. But bitter experience has taught we Chinese to separate cherry blossoms and the taste of a few connoisseurs from the madness of a regime. In the words of William Plomer, a former resident in Japan, 'shy fingers end in claws, behind soft lips are teeth that bite.' It is true that there are even connoisseurs in the Army, such as General Matsuke, commander of the garrison forces in Soochow in 1938. As soon as he arrived at the city he produced a list of collectors and their collections to be requisitioned. He probably learnt that from Goering or Ribbentrop. Then again in 1937 the Japanese pilots bombed to bits every building of Nankai University in Tientsin. Why? They later mentioned quite unnecessarily in their communique that those buildings had got to be punished, since Chinese students used to experiment on poison gas in them.

Subtle

Now a word about the subtle side of the Japanese in China. The Japanese militarists realised long ago one soft corner of we Chinese; namely, our love for home and our traditional respect for our parents. We call it filial piety. Well, long before there was any sign of war between our two countries the Japs, under the pretext of 'cultural collaboration', gave a number of scholarships to the sons of some Chinese whom they thought might be of service to them at some future date. After the outbreak of the war those sons became, in reality hostages. Others fell into the hands of the Japs because they were told that if they worked for Free China their aged parents in occupied areas would be punished. Quite a number were trapped in this way. In spite of all this, in 1938 the daughter of Wang Keh Min, the head Quisling in Pekin, escaped to Free China to do her share. No one would hesitate to denounce all the Chinese Quislings who now work for the Japs for whatever reason.

Perhaps the most sinister and most disgusting of all is the Japs' systematic poisoning of our race in occupied China—opium and other narcotic drugs have been their chief weapons. In Peking alone there are now over 800 opium dens licensed and run by the Japanese, with cabaret music and pretty waitresses to attract the population—this also has its Nazi counterpart. In Nanking the daily sale mounts to over six thousand ounces, raising for the Japanese garrison forces a monthly revenue of two million Chinese dollars. A Chinese official who made several secret inspection tours in the occupied areas told me that the best way to hide one's identity there was to pose as an opium dealer. You were then exempt from all examinations and cross-examinations, and you would enjoy many privileges denied to a plain civilian, such as getting a seat in a coach

I have refrained from telling you how the Japanese soldiers cut the ears and bayonet the stomachs of the harmless civilians in the areas under their occupation, though everyone, except the Japanese themselves, finds it difficult to understand why they persist in harming the common people. Once, in Tientsin, the Japanese garrison forces were building a secret tunnel. For months they engaged a number of Chinese workers. Over eighty corpses at a time were discovered at intervals in the White River. Soon it was established that those corpses belonged to the workers in the secret tunnel. To keep their military secret intact the Japanese had killed them all off. Doesn't it sound fantastic? But you must know that bushido implies a particular kind of fanaticism. That is the measure of common enemy.

Each time when I was asked by friends abroad about Japanese barbarism I tried to change the subject because of the futility of words when deeds were the o. things that could prevent such cruelties being repeated. Once in Hong Kong I was shown some pictures of the raping, killing, and looting of my people by the Japanese in the parts of China under their occupation. No picture of inferno could be more terrifying. Instead of scrutinising each one of them, I handed the whole lot back to my friend and left him. When you are too deeply concerned with something you cease to be curious.

As to the menace of Japan to the world, the Chinese cannot be blamed for failing to give warning. On the other hand, no one could accuse us for having made too much propaganda about the brutal behaviour of the Japs. Two classics on the subject containing first-hand observations were both written by Westerners; one is Mr. Vespa's 'Secret Agent of Japan', and the other Mr. H. J. Timperley's 'What War Means'. Future historians will have to admit that Japanese and the Nazis have made our present period darker than your Dark Ages. There is no better word than the one used by the Foreign Secretary of Britain—'nauseating.' Even to finish listening to or reading through such stories one needs to be quite cold-blooded. When we heard of the wholesale massacre in Nanking in 1938, just as you have heard of the Hong Kong atrocities, we asked ourselves in China: 'Are we capable of revenging this?' Oh no, the Japs have done so much and so repulsively that no decent and self-respecting human being could ever repeat their role. One does not become a mad dog to catch a mad dog. One makes every effort to catch him and make sure that he is safely chained. All a Chinese wishes and desires is that no such evil power should be let loose again.

(—A. B. B. C.'s Broadcast.)

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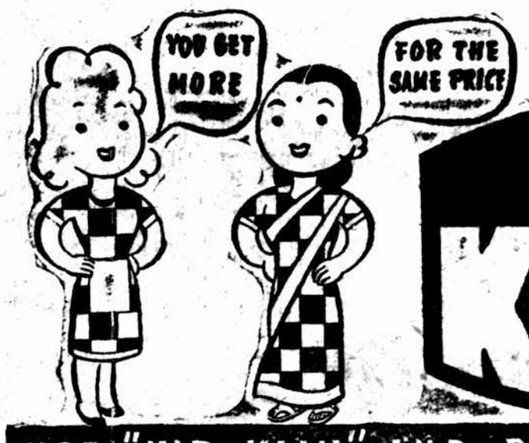

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The Epic Of Soviet Resistance

HOW THE RED ARMY AND RUSSIAN GUERILLAS ARE FIGHTING NAZI *MENACE—AND WHY THEY MUST WIN IN THE END!*

RUSSIA RESISTS, By Pat Sloan, Published by Kitabistan, Allahabad, 179 pages, Price Rs. 2/8.

Reviewed by K. A. ABBAS

Those who have read that excellent book on the Soviet Union, "Russia Without Illusions" will be already familiar with the name of Pat Sloan. A keen student of economics, Mr. Sloan went to the Soviet Union in 1931 and lived and worked there for six years, taught in Soviet schools, became a Trade Union official and travelled extensively all over Soviet Union. When he writes about the Soviets therefore, he writes with authority and objectivity, not unmixed with sympathy. And any book from him on this subject is certain of a wide and warm reception.

Topical Interest

"Russia Resists" is, quite understandably, lacking in the depth and considered judgment of "Russia Without Illusions." The earlier work was the result of much study and thought, the present volume is a hurriedly written pamphlet aimed at topicality rather than profundity. It was written within two months of the out break of German-Soviet hostilities and, therefore, parts of it are necessarily out-of-date. Also at places, its tone of airy optimism sounds rather strange at this time of grave peril to the Soviet Union.

Having said this, we can add that "Russia Resists" is an excellent summary of the lessons learnt from the magnificent Russian resistance during the early phase of the war. Armed with the penetrating insight into the conditions in Soviet Russia, Mr. Sloan proceeds to analyse and explain the factors that were responsible for the costly failure of the Nazi Eastern *'blitz'*. As it is important for the Allied powers and the democratic people of the world to understand these factors—and, where possible, to emulate them—"Russia Resists" is a book of more than passing interest.

How Did They Do It?

"How did it come about," asks Mr. Sloan, "that Soviet Russia, a country of backward peasants and illiterates only twenty years ago, a country whose armed forces had been generally deprecated in the British press as recently as February, 1940, was capable of holding the formidable attacks by this mighty foe?"

Because, Mr. Sloan provides the answer,:—

(1) "The military preparations of the U.S.S.R. were thorough. For many years they had prepared for this. They were well-fortified against any manner of surprises."

(2) "The people of the U.S.S.R. can fight and do fight with a determination unparalleled in previous history.

(3) "The whole organisation of the Red Army, from bottom to top, is based on the idea that a man is a better soldier if he can think. There is no place in the Red Army for such phrases as *'Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die."* All Soviet soldiers know exactly what they are fighting for.

(4) The Red Army leaders, including Stalin are men who have risen from the ranks of the working class to the highest position by their sheer merit, and who can be depended upon to organise the defence of their country in the most effective manner possible.

(5) Behind the Red Army stands "A people mobilised". The Soviet people are willing to make the greatest sacrifices to defend the state which has done so much for them by way of better wages economic security, democratic rights and cultural facilities. In fields and factories they are performing heroic deeds in doubling and trebling the rate of production.

Guerillas' Oath

The most interesting and important chapters in the book are those that deal with the guerillas and the role they are playing in harassing the enemy and ensuring that nothing but "scorched earth" falls into enemy hands. The "scorched earth" policy can be followed to its logical limit only in a state where private ownership of means of production has been abolished and the state guarantees the economic security of its citizens. Also, the guerillas can be fully mobilised by a state which is not afraid of giving arms to the people. The inspiring oath of the guerillas is worth reproducing here:—

"I, citizen of the great Soviet Union, promise not to lay down my arms until the last Fascist on our soil has been destroyed. I promise unreservedly to obey all orders of my commanders and strictly to observe military discipline.

"The destruction of our towns and villages, the death of our children, the torture, violence insult to my people I promise to avenge always, mercilessly, and without pity. Blood shall be auenged by blood and death by death. I promise to help the Red Army in every way to destroy the enemy, sparing no effort, not life itself.

"I declare that I would sooner die in cruel battle with the enemy than surrender myself, my family and my people to be slaves of blood thirsty Fascism. Should I, by my weakness, cowardice, or evil design, violate this oath and betray the interests of my people, may I suffer a shameful death at the hands of my comrades."

Propaganda

In the chapter, "Moscow Calling", Pat Sloan gives a detailed analysis of the effective propaganda methods employed by the Soviet authorities. The samples of Moscow broadcasts addressed to the German people are the last word in convincing propaganda and ought to be studied by those responsible for the milk and water broadcasts of the B.B.C.

The sum total of Mr. Sloan's impressions is that the Soviet people will resist Nazi aggression to the last and that they will do so without sparing one man or one ounce of their material resources. And, it is obvious, that such resistance can be organised only in a country which is ruled not by the profit-motive system, with its necessary concomitants of vested interests, profiteering, etc., holding back the total war effort, but by socialist economy which demands equal sacrifice from all citizens, allows no one to fatten on war contracts, and assures all equal opportunities to share in the fruits of victory.

The Kingdom Of Art

THE FAITH OF THE ARTIST, By James M. Cousins. Kalakshetra, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 2-8-0.

Kalakshetra, which has been founded by Shrimati Rukmini Devi at Adyar, Madras, is an international centre of art and culture. It aims at the revival and propagation of Indian arts in their traditional purity and has appraised the values of publication to an art-centre. "The faith of the Artist" is one of its publications. It presents a collection of interesting essays by Dr. James Cousins—its author who has discussed in it his views on aesthetics and the purpose and functions of art.

The author has, from his personal experiences as a poet, analysed the inner forces which operate in the mind of the artist and prompt him to externalise his visions, impressions and experiences. He accepts and emphasises achievement of liberation enunciated by the works on Hindu aesthetics as the highest purpose of art and makes a strong case for recognition of art as a vital and spiritual necessity of life. True art should, certainly, have an upward trend. It should purify and elevate the artist as well as his patrons. Art is not an activity which is extraneous to life—a fact which the author affirms in these words "the kingdom of Art, like the kingdom of Heaven, is within us" and the habitat of art is in a region of our nature above the paraphernalia of its expressions in form."

Since one of the functions, of art is elevation and purification of thought, feeling and action, the author's faith in the capacity of art to annul war-fare by opposing creation to destruction should not appear fantastic. Art has enormous potentialities for its development as a force which imparts vitality, beauty, harmony and peace to life, but the world has, so far, denied to it the opportunity to function to its maximum capacity, as a supreme creative force.

Nature, Expression and Fulfilment of Beauty form separate chapters. The author has analysed, in them, the views of the various western authors on aesthetics and those enunciated in some of the Sanskrit works and has also discussed his own.

The opinion expressed by the author that "art, in its completeness is a collaboration between artist and audience" is perfectly true. The popular aspect of art-education is as important as it is neglected today. The author does not overdraw the picture of the present position of art when he remarks. "the first thing to be retrenched is art, and in a return to the financial well-being the last thing to be restored is art." Fostering art-consciousness in the people is essential to raising art from its state of degredation. But the beginning should be made from the elementary stage of education. The author strongly advocates integration of art-creative activity in education.

"OUR INDIA" IN MARATHI GARB

"APLA HINDUSTHAN" translated into Marathi by N. G. Gore from Minoo Masani's "Our India." Oxford University Press. Price Rs. 1-12-0.

"Apla Hindusthan" makes as interesting reading as the original in English, which has already become a children's classic. The credit for this goes to Mr. Gore whose translation is done in a simple and breezy style. The book deals with various national problems like agriculture, industry, commerce etc. and though primarily meant for the children—the future custodians of India's destiny—it will be found useful by grown-ups too. The Oxford University Press has done well, therefore, in undertaking its translation in various Indian languages. Though those various versions may differ in their literary attraction, they will all have one common feature—the numerous illustrations by Mr. Moorehead wherein lies the singular appeal of the original "Our India."

L. J.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

INDIAN KING WHOSE DOMINION INCLUDED JAVA AND SUMATRA

Seals of office of rural and urban dignitaries of ancient India and inscriptions on stone and on copper plates which prove that the great Buddhist centre maintained contact with Java, Sumatra and other countries have been unearthed at Nalanda (in Bihar), once the site of a famous Buddhist University. A memoir (No. 66) just published by the Archaeological Survey of India describes the result of over two decades of continuous excavation on the site and the discovery of a series of remarkable stupas and monastic buildings.

The clay seals show to what extent civic administration had advanced in India 1,100 years ago. A stone inscription of the 8th century refers to a warden of the northern marches (whose title, Tikin, suggests that he was of Tartar origin) who had made a religious offering at Nalanda. A record of over eleven centuries ago shows that a ruler of the Sailendra dynasty, whose dominions included Sumatra and Java, requested the Pala King Devapala to provide for the maintenance of a monastery which the Indonesian ruler had erected at Nalanda.

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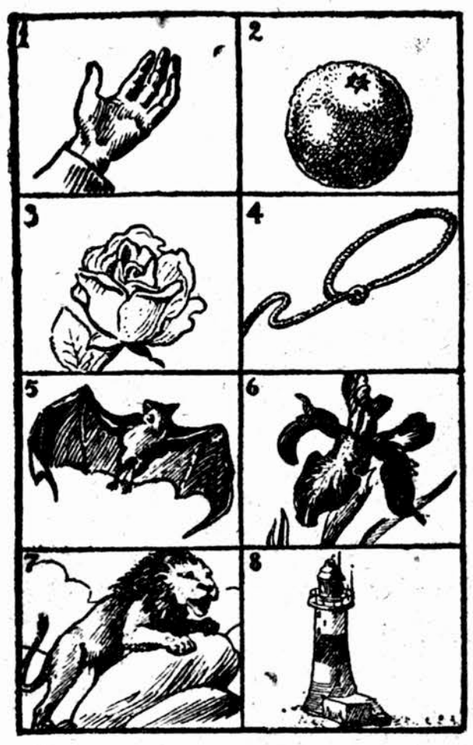


Study the above eight pictures and jot down on a piece of paper the initial letters of the objects illustrated in the order in which they appear. You should then have a word of eight letters which is the name of a bird with a large beak. From this word again make as many other words as you can, using each letter only once in each word. The words must be of three or more letters, but no plurals must be used.

floods, have been irreparable. And our unfortunate brethren must be helped.

All donations, small or big, will be thankfully received and acknowledged. They may be forwarded to Dada—"Gulistan", Khar—Bombay 21.

* * *

Fear Checks You

Two little children, a brother and a sister, were passing by a road. They came across a bungalow. In its compound there was a tree of lovely flowers. The brother came near the fence and plucked a few of them. Then he asked his sister to do the same. The sister approached the fence, trembling, touched a flower, and cried out, "Oh, brother, I cannot do it, I fear."

I happened to over-hear their conversation. So I advised the little girl: "Do not do a thing which you fear to do." She looked awe-struck. There was confusion visible in her big eyes. She refused and retreated. But the brother prompted her again. Once more she went near the tree, trembling, trembling .... At last she had plucked the flower. Then both of them ran.

* * *

The Inner Voice

I am sorry, at that moment I could not return and follow them to give them a piece of advice, a bit of my mind. Do you know what it is that checks you from doing something wrong? It is your "inner voice," which must be obeyed at all cost. Once you disobey it, the voice will begin to lose its control over you. And then perhaps you may never give any heed to its warnings!

Why did the little girl fear and tremble to pluck a flower? And why, after having plucked it, she and her brother ran away? Because they knew that it was something wrong they had done.

Vajreshwari Hot Water Fountains.
—Photo by Harnam Motwane.

It was just like stealing. Probably if the owner of the bungalow or even if a servant had seen them, they would have been reprimanded. Then why do such a thing at all?

* * *

Hear And Obey Promptly

The Inner Voice does not give up hopes as we human beings do. It continues to warn us, even when we cease to give any attention to its repeated warnings. Some day, who knows, we may feel drawn towards the Voice, and turn to the right path? But if we are careful at the very beginning, how good and noble indeed we can become!

However, a time may come, when we might get used to its warnings, and simply treat them as unheard. Woe betide that time. Then we will begin to form bad habits. And whether we like them or not, it will be very difficult to get rid of these bad habits. Let us, therefore, be very careful to hear and obey our "inner voice" promptly always!

* * *

The Weather

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
But be thankful all together,
Whatever the weather.

* * *

Can You Guess?

Sis. Shanta Kulkarni has sent the following little conundrum:—

A big Pathan and a little Pathan were walking along together. The big Pathan said to the little Pathan, "You are my son." "But you are not my father", said the little Pathan. How does this come about?

Answer: The big Pathan was the little Pathan's mother.

All Good Wishes from
Your loving,
Dada

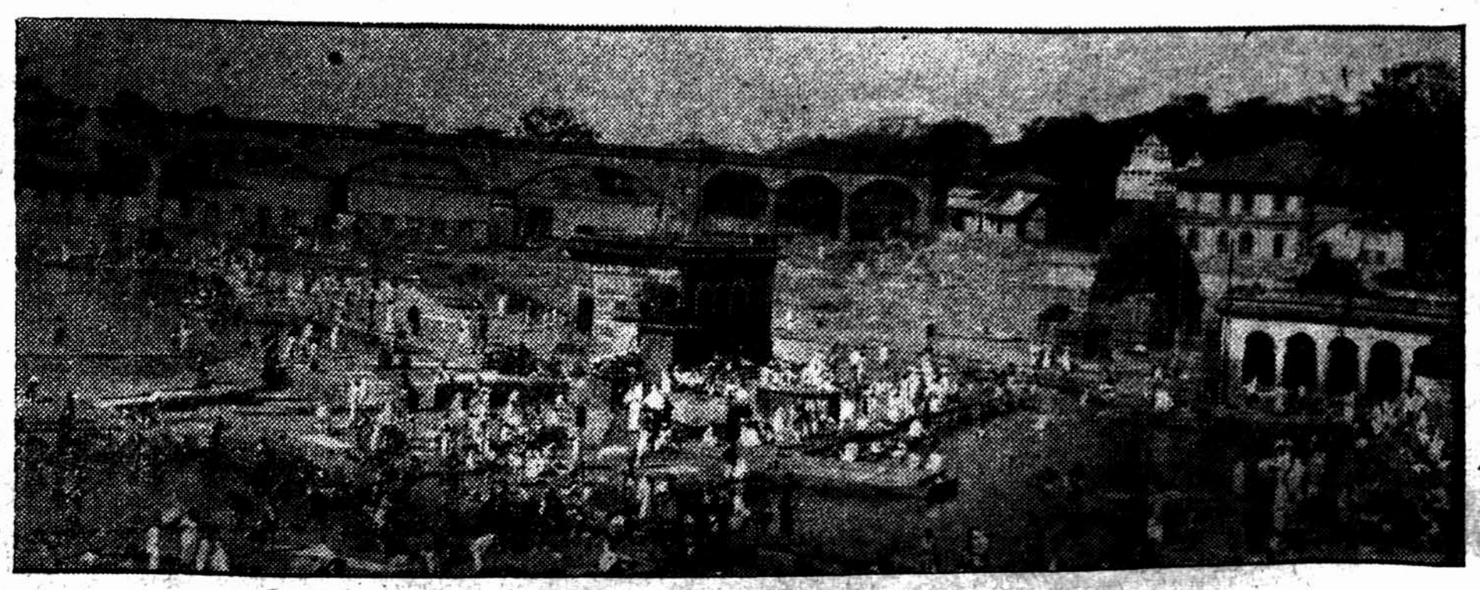
My dear Sisters & Brothers,

We have the pleasure to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations for the Sind Flood Relief Fund:—

Mr. E. R. Tannan	....	Rs. 100
Sis. Sheila Behn	....	Rs. 5
Bro. K. S. Dhareshwar	..	Re. 1
Bro. Fakir Chand	....	Re. 1

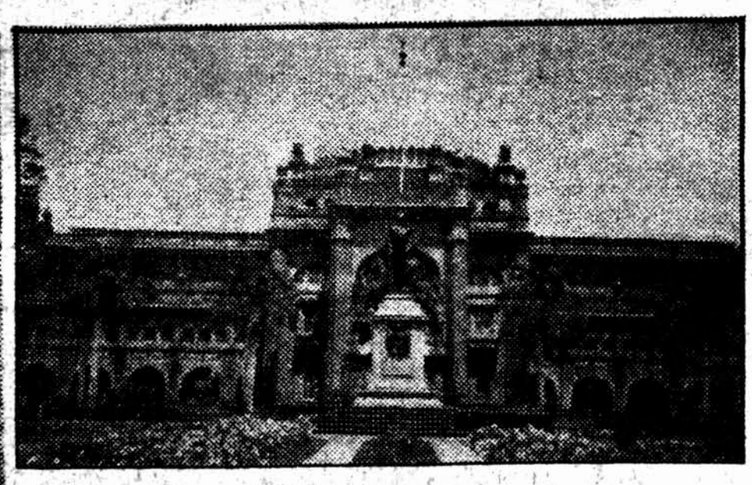
Sind Flood Relief Fund

We need not try to impress upon you the necessity of contributing to this fund whatever you can. The losses in Sind, owing to the



A Bird's Eye-View of the Man dir at Nasik.—Photo by Jayant Pandya.

The Ancient: Mohan-jo-Daro.
Photo by L. C. Mehta.



The Modern: Bombay Museum.
Photo by M. T. Bhatia.

A FREE INDIA—NOW!

(Continued from Page 3)

same treatment as the white man, it seems. "Why?" you inquire. The white American scratches his head. "Well, it just don't work that way", he says, and thereby gives huge comfort to our present enemies the Japanese.

What is the matter with this American? It is clear enough. He suffers from what is called in psychology a split personality. He is two distinct Americans. One of him is a benevolent, liberty-loving, just man. The other one of him is a creature who may or may not be benevolent but who is certainly undemocratic in his race attitudes, and who, on this subject, throws justice and human equality to the winds as completely as any Fascist.

Who can reconcile these two personalities into an integrated being fit for democratic leadership in the world to-day? If the two personalities were to be found always in separate individuals it would be simple enough—we could go to the mat for the one we want. We could even have a civil war again. But the reason why the other civil war we had never really gave the coloured man freedom and democracy is still the reason why we do not give them to him to-day. The split personality which is America is found not in separate individuals but in most of the individuals of our nation. We are divided in our individual structure.

Total Democracy—Now!

This division in personality is desperately serious at this moment when millions of people in the world are looking for leadership in democracy from us. If we cannot assemble ourselves and provide it, leadership will be found elsewhere. But let Americans be sure of this—unless we can declare ourselves whole for total democracy now, we shall lose our chance to make the world what we want it to be, we shall lose even our place in the world, whatever our military victories are. For most of the people in the world to-day are coloured.

How can we integrate ourselves for democracy? The first step toward unifying a split personality is to realize that there is the split. The next step is to reject the undesired self. We must be willing to see that our inner division has the gravest relation now to outer events, to the success of this war for us, to world events which will shape an entirely new era. Whether it will be a golden age of democracy depends entirely on whether we choose democracy now.

We know this better than we are willing to acknowledge. It must be sternly said that it is the white peoples who have the deepest race prejudices. This is in itself a sign of insecurity and fear. And we do well to be afraid if we intend to persist blindly in our prejudices. If we plan to persist as we are, then we are fighting on the wrong side in this war. We belong with Hitler. For the white man can no longer rule in this world unless he rules by totalitarian military force. Democracy cannot so rule. Democracy if it is to prevail at this solemn moment in human history can do so only if it purges itself of that which denies democracy, if it dares to act as it believes.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN BULL (Continued From Page 8)

became as scarce as they are now, probably would have been told flatly and a little unpleasantly by an uncompromising-looking woman clerk that no rooms were available.

If the guest was an American, he would probably ask if there was not an unoccupied double room with bath or perhaps a suite, whereupon he would encounter a look of surprised and grudging acquiescence. This not hotel-keepers' racket talk, it is just that they would never think of suggesting more expensive accommodation.

The same attitude exists among tobacconists and shopkeepers. There is a shortage of cigarettes now, but long before that developed to ask for cigarettes and let it go at that might result in defeat for the shopper. Time after time this has happened to me. I would ask for a pack of cigarettes. The clerk would say she was sorry but she was all sold out. I would say—after I had been here a while:

"Haven't you any large boxes?"

"Oh, yes, I have boxes of one hundred, but we are all out of tens."

An American shopkeeper would more likely offer the large box first, dragging out the small one only if the customer insisted.

Trying Peculiarities

The Britons' lack of imagination was reflected in their failure to surrender after France collapsed, leaving them to face a victorious Germany alone. But, unfortunately they have the same attitude toward many other aspects of life, including especially their diet and their cooking. To an English cook potatoes are something to be boiled and when she thinks of a second vegetable her mind lights on cabbage and remains there. Even now, the amount of food that is ruined by bad cooking would go a long way towards alleviating the shortage.

One of the most trying peculiarities of the British is their love of paper forms and other kinds of red tape which makes the simplest transactions, like paying a restaurant check, a slow, laborious and aggravating business. A wit once remarked that there is no danger of Hitler's invading this country because if he arrived at the head of his army British civil servants would confront him so inexorably with demands for filling up forms that he would give it all up and go back to Germany.

The way in which Whitehall and private business firms use up paper in every conceivable manner, it is no wonder there is such a shortage that housewives have to carry home unwrapped fish and meat from shops. A man who drops a bus ticket, theatre programme, sales slip or even an empty cigarette carton in the streets these days may be arrested, prosecuted and fined heavily for wasting paper, but the Postmaster General still encloses with the monthly bill for telephone service a full-sized sheet of glossy paper whereon is printed nothing but the phrase, "With the compliments of the General Post Office"—without which no accounts are deemed to have been properly rendered.

Despite petty, annoying inefficiencies, the British do get big things done. They do get their traffic hopelessly snarled on holidays, but when time bombs littered their streets they evolved ways of getting about and doing their daily jobs. For all their antiquated machinery of production—much of which is done by hand where we would use machinery—they managed last year to turn out munitions at a highly successful rate, and in some respects their production record is better than ours. If this were Ireland, one might almost suspect that pixies helped them.

Little by little they have shut down factories and closed up services catering to civilian comforts or needs and diverted plant and labour to making tools of war. Men and women have been siphoned off from peacetime occupations, taken from their homes and put to work making equipment for the armed services. They have used numbers where we would use machines. But the fact that they have done so much with such antique tools and such old-fashioned methods makes their achievement no less great.

It takes the British a long time to get going, but when they finally do hit their stride they are rather magnificent. That concentration of 1,000 bombers over Cologne in the space of 90 minutes, and repetition of the feat elsewhere within three days, is a striking example. It took tedious, careful preparation, and it was a feat unmatched by the Germans. The full magnitude of the task of getting off that many planes and of bringing them back to home ports safely can be appreciated only by a railroad man who is familiar with the problems of a train dispatcher.

In addition to traffic problems there are organizational difficulties, such as marshalling extra gasoline supplies where they will be needed, and the loading of planes at different airports with bombs, incendiaries or the cameras appropriate to the task assigned to individual aircraft. The size of this job can be understood only when it is realized that it takes between forty and fifty people—mechanics, armourers and other humbler heroes, to get each one of those giant bombers off the ground. Yet when the job was done it was typical of the British that there was a modicum of crowing over the achievement and no gloating over suffering inflicted on the enemy, but, on the contrary, relief that Cologne Cathedral had been more fortunate than some of those in this country.

Waste Of Time

Ever since the war began the British people and their leaders have been consoling themselves with the thought that "time is on our side," but there is probably no people in the world with less respect for the value of that irreplaceable commodity. The mere business of living in this capital involves a waste of time which is beyond the comprehension of most Americans.

It takes an hour and a half to get lunch and two hours to get dinner because waiters cannot conceive that any one is in a hurry and because an immense amount of formality is observed even in wartime, what with reserving tables and one thing and another.

When lunch time comes small offices close up; and no matter what time of day it is, the chances are about two to one that the man you are trying to get on the telephone has just stepped out for tea. It is still a source of wonder here among Belgians, Poles and other exiled allies that even after two and a half years of total war the British have not quite reconciled themselves to the idea of foregoing long week-ends and bank holidays. They don't seem capable of realizing that "business as usual" or pleasure as usual won't work, that it is as out of date in this kind of war as are those pikestaffs which it was recently suggested should be supplied the Home Guard to defend the island against an invader.

It is almost as though the whole nation in normal times had got into the habit of thinking that there is a peculiarly British virtue in muddling through, in doing things inefficiently, sloppily. Yet when crisis comes they can improvise as ingeniously as Germans, perhaps more so. They have made a fetish of concealing their true feelings and emotions so long and so effectively that casual observers sometimes conclude they haven't any. It is easy to assume also that because their sense of humour is different from ours that they haven't any. The conclusions in both instances would be wrong.

To an American ear they quite frequently appear to be rude when they don't mean either to be rude or supercilious, which is what they appear to be more often, and which is even worse. The Englishman has room in his mind for only one idea at a time and quite often when he gets a far-off gleam in his eye and starts galloping across the room knocking people out of his way, it is because he has just seen an old friend and is intent on reaching him before something distracts him from his immediate purpose. If he can remember it afterward he will apologize profusely for jostling.

As a people Britons are apt from their island fastness to look upon the ways of other folk as "un-British," which isn't quite but is almost the equivalent of outlandish. They are terribly inept and tactless in their dealings with foreigners, especially those whom they envy a little bit, and this tactlessness is often mistaken for condescension. It is especially noticeable to Americans.

Curious Mixture

For all their quirks and peculiarities the British are a brave and generous race. They have proved that over and over again in this war and no nation has been more grossly libelled than they by Nazi propaganda that paints them as a nation ready to fight to the last Colonial or last American. Their casualty lists disprove the charge; and the numbers of refugees received here and the way in which they are treated, sometimes to the danger of this country's own security, is ample proof of their generosity. They are victims in this respect of the widely held misconception that they are the smartest propagandists on earth when, as an actual fact, they are the rankest amateurs.

In their social life the British are a curious mixture of gregariousness and aloofness. Guests at the same hotel sit for hours, day after day, in the public rooms reading, drinking tea and listening to news broadcasts, but never speaking to one another, in fact, raising papers before their eyes as a barrier if a stranger approaches. Yet once the ice is broken they are almost wistfully friendly.

In the United States it would be rare for any one to invite a chance acquaintance he had met on a train to spend a week-end at his home in the country, yet it has happened to me and to others living here.

Despite the need for using every square foot of ground for growing vegetables, flower beds have been preserved in every walled-in garden and people who spend hours after their regular jobs fire-watching or drilling with the Home Guard still find time to mow their lawns. An Air Marshal of my acquaintance spent hours after along, hard tour of duty recently rebuilding the nest of a swan who had foolishly started construction where floods were certain to wash it away, while his wife kept the angry bird away by throwing mud at it.

Their love of animals is prodigious and they are the friendliest and gentlest of people, once their outer reserves are broken down. They want nothing of any one except to be let alone. Yet because of different mannerisms, habits, and ways of behaviour there is always likely to be suspicion and distrust between an ex-cowhand and a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge with a handkerchief up his sleeve—even though the latter wears the uniform of an officer of the R. A. F., with the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross on his breast.

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THINGS EXPECTED TO HAPPEN IN SOUTH ATLANTIC

Coming "Battle Of The Bulges"

Signs of the coming struggle for naval and air mastery of the South Atlantic are already discernible as one of the first direct consequences of Brazil's entry into the war, observes the "News Chronicle's" Washington correspondent. The narrowest part of the Atlantic Ocean—the 1,600-mile-wide stretch between the bulge of Brazil and the coast of West Africa—is one of the United Nations' most vital gateways. It is clear that control of the Vichy port of Dakar, on the African side, will become increasingly important to Hitler as Brazil develops the bulge, as a base for naval and air patrols and striking forces.

According to reports, the German and Italian radios have begun to broadcast stories that Allied action against Dakar is imminent—a manoeuvre calculated to increase Berlin's pressure on the Vichy Government to hand Dakar over. (Vichy's official comment on this report was, "Absolutely no knowledge here." The Vichy Radio stated that Petain had had a talk with Admiral Auphan, Vichy's Navy Minister).

Major Alexander Seversky, the American aircraft designer, whose views on air power have begun to carry considerable weight with the public, is urging that Brazil should immediately be turned into a self-sufficient base having not only impregnable defences but also "safe and direct access to aeroplanes, spare parts, fuel and other industrial items."

The Government of the Argentine apparently also expects grim events in the South Atlantic. It is announced in Buenos Aires that the Argentine merchant fleet will open the Pacific Ocean route to the United States in the middle of next month to avoid encounters in the Atlantic.

SECOND FRONT IN THE MAKING

"A second front is probably in the making although how, when, or where remains a closely guarded military secret", asserts retired Rear Admiral Clark Woodward, now a military annalyst for the International News Service. He writes:—

"My conclusion is based on the following developments of 'a more or less interlocking significance': (1) The United States Navy's announcement of the successful establishment of shore positions in the Solomon Islands; (2) news of Prime Minister Churchill's visit to Moscow; (3) announced changes in the British Middle East Command; (4) the reported arrival of the largest single expedition ever sent to Egypt; (5) the reported arrival in the British Isles of the largest troopship convoys that ever crossed the Atlantic; (6) The Dieppe raid.

"The American victory in the battle of the Solomon and the ever-increasing strength of the United Nations in various theatres of the war should indicate to the Axis Powers from now on that they will be unable to launch new offensives in any particular region except at the risk of being attacked by the Allies in other vital areas.

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THE LAST PAGE

Conducted by "CHRONICLERS"

Passing through the book-lined interior of the New Book Company, pleasantly smelling of fresh paper and printers' ink, up a short flight of stairs, turn to your right and you find yourself in the premises of the Silverfish Club. (Silverfish: A species of worm that eats books—does not necessarily read them!).

Bombay's first Book Club, the Silverfish was inaugurated a year ago by Anthropologist—Humanitarian (according to Ethel Mannin, a Saint!) Verrier Elwin who lives eleven months with the gentle Gonds among whom he has married, and spends one month in the year among the wild tribes of Bombay, being constantly chased by lion-hunting Society hostesses and gilt-edged intellectuals.

★

The Atmosphere— And The People!

Since then, the Silverfish has acquired quite a reputation and a membership of nearly two hundred. The premises are furnished with quiet good taste—polished teak furniture, modernistic bookcases with sliding glass panels, a few paintings on the wall. The outstanding decoration, however, are the parchment lampshades with inscriptions in Chinese, Sanskrit, Persian, Latin, etc., which give the place a distinctly literary atmosphere.

Alas, however, few members turn up at the place in pursuit of literature. A dozen may be observed sipping tea on Thursday evenings, exchanging the latest local gossip; a couple of intellectuals have a quiet corner for a game of chess; a solitary journalist is sometimes seen turning the pages of an American magazine, and occasional batches of Society ladies drop in to rest their tired limbs after a strenuous morning of shopping.

★

No Silvery Fishes These!

A different kind of crowd was seen, however, last Sunday in the Silverfish premises when the Progressive Writers' Association held their inaugural meeting. Here were no gold-border sarees, no sharkskin suits, no Oxford accents no "when-I-was-last-in-Paris" reminiscences, no "Were-you-at-the-Taj-last-night" enquiries.

When, electing a Treasurer, a member jocularly suggested "Let's have someone who is rich so he won't be tempted to pay for his food out of the Association funds." Retorted another "A rich progressive writer is a contradiction in terms. If he was rich he could not possibly be progressive." To which added a third: "And if he was rich, it would be proved already that he is not honest." That gives a fair impression of the healthy proletarian cynicism that marked the gathering.

★

Cross-Section Of India

Present on the occasion were 40 writers, known and unknown, writer in Gujerati and Marathi, Urdu and Hindi, Konkani and Tamil and English. Most of them are working journalists, others try to make a living by even more dubious ways—e.g. by writing novels and plays and poetry! Some are Communists, others just Socialists, still others deep-dyed nationalists, some don't believe in any "ism" except "hungerism," as one said!

The average age would be under thirty, though at least one distinguished member was born over 60 years ago. Their dresses ranged from 'dhotee' and 'kurta' to suits via 'sherwani', shirts and shorts, shirt and pant, 'kurta' and 'pajama.' Most of them would probably feel shy to mention their religion, some would profess to be atheists or agnostics, but we believe that among them were Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Parsis. Quite a cross-section of India!

★

"Man Of Letters"

The most interesting personality present was "Mama" Warerkar, the sixty-year old "uncle" of Marathi litterateurs—novelist, playwright, essayist, critic, journalist, 'controversialist—who has the frail physique of a Gandhi and the irrepressible energy of a Nehru. In his life-time he has packed more literary work than most of his other contemporaries writing in any other Indian language. Though old in years he is young at heart and ever ready to tilt a a lance at anything or anybody that, in his opinion, is a social evil. He has a barbed-wire wit and a pen that flashes fire—when it chooses. He has participated in some historic controversies that have raged in the Marathi press. Recently, however, one was surprised to find this gallant old campaigner attacking the infant People's Theatre Association.

"Mama" Warerkar was once employed in the Post Office—before he relinquished that job for a whole-time writing career.

When this fact was referred to in the course of the conversation, someone mentioned a parallel example from Panjab where a brilliant young short story-writer, Rajendar Singh Bedi, recently resigned from the Post Office to devote all his time to writing.

'That's not surprising', remarked Mama—and there was mischief behind his spectacles—, "a man in a post office is bound to be 'a man of letters'!"

★

Communist Son Of A Knight!

Also present at this meeting was Sajjad Zaheer, handsome, Oxford educated Communist son of Sir Wazir Hasan, ex-Chief Judge of Oudh. Sajjad Zaheer ("Banney" to his friends) is one of the founders of the Indian Progressive Writers Association, a member of the All-India Congress Committee and the editor of the Urdu edition of the Communist Party's weekly paper, "People's War."

When still an undergraduate, he collaborated with his friends (Ahmed Ali, Rashid Jehan and Mahmuduzzafar) and wrote and published a collection of Urdu stories under the provocative title of "Angarey" (Burning Coals). It was a veritable bombshell that they threw in the placid, respectable, complacent world of North Indian literature. It was denounced from pulpit and platform as "pornography," "atheistic" "irreligious," "attack on Islam," it was publicly burned by 'Maulavis' the authors were abused in private, in public and in the press, their private lives were "exposed" and they were threatened with death. Finally the U. P. Government banned the book—which immediately sky-rocketted its sale in Delhi and Punjab.

The book itself (the authors who have all, since then, matured and sobered would be the first to admit to-day) had little artistic or literary merit. But it served its purpose. It was read by young men and women, some of whom had to keep it hidden away from their orthodox parents. It shook the foundations of orthodoxy, challenged Urdu literature to face realities of life and introduced a much-needed trend towards realism.

By the way, it is interesting to note that Sir Wazir Hasan, himself a moderate, has his sons in three different camps. The youngest Sajjad Zahir, is a Communist, one of his elder brothers is a Congressman, the other a Muslim Leaguer!

★

Bjornstein Bakoolesh

Have you heard of Bjornstein-Bjornstein? Or, for that matter, of Knut Hamson, Dos Passos, Walt Whitman? Possibly, you have not.

But if there is one man in Bombay who is sure to have heard of them all—or any other unusual progressive writer, be he a Norwegian or an Eskimo—it is Bakoolesh. Long-haired, Bohemian-looking Bakoolesh earns his living by boosting capitalist-produced films, then spends it on buying books of authors who are trying to smash capitalism. He is one of the most interesting personalities in the world of Gujerati literature. He started by writing romantic, escapist short stories but to-day he swears by Karl Marx and John Dos Passos—not to mention Bjornstein—Bjornstein! His short stories are noted for rugged realism and a keen insight into the character and moods of the dispossessed and the under-privileged.

At the meeting of the P. W. A. (you cannot be a progressive unless you get familiad with the initials of all progressive organizations), Bakoolesh read a most thought-provoking and learned paper on "The Evolution of Gujerati Fiction"—bringing out the constant relationship between economic and political movements and literary trends. It was written in an impressionistic sort of way—literary criticism alternating with newspaper headlines!—reminiscent of Dos Passos' "U. S. A."

★

Disowning One's Literary Offspring

Twelve years ago, confessed Bakoolesh when talking about his own evolution as a writer, I wrote a collection of stories which were all reactionary in their escapist, romantic themes. A publisher got them printed but before the volumes were bound he went into liquidation. The printed 'forms' of the book were auctioned along with the other property. For a dozen years they lay in a godown when, along with other piles of papers, they were bought by a "ruddi-wala". Finding the forms of a complete book, the shrewd merchant hurried to the author and announced the news that he was going to get the volumes bound and publish them. But the author was not at all happy. He did not want that past phase of his literary career to be resurrected. He would be ashamed to admit the authorship of such stories. But when he found the "ruddi-wala" adamant, he made the suggestion, which the merchant unsuspectingly accepted, that he write a new Preface to the book. The result is that the book has come out with a Preface in which the author has announced and celebrated his own death—i.e., the death of what he was twelve years ago.

There are other parallels to this case. As a young man of 22, Upton Sinclair wrote a novel "Journal of Arthur Stirling" in 1902 in which he made a moving appeal for the support of poor geniuses by the rich philanthropists. Four years later he no longer believed in such "reformism" or "benevolent capitalism". So he added a Post-Script to the next edition, repudiating the implications of the novel.

Ethel Mannin, the Irish woman novelist, found herself in a situation similar to that of Bakoolesh some years ago. In her case, the publisher did not even agree to let her add a Preface explaining that the stories had been written and contributed to various obscure papers at an immature age since when her ideas of life and literature had radically changed. **So, she had to buy advertisement** space in newspapers to denounce the book appearing under her name.

★

A Pearl, Indeed!

On another page in this issue we are publishing an article by the famous American novelist, Pearl Buck, which we have taken the liberty to reproduce from 'Asia' (New York).

Pearl Buck, perhaps the only woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature (Madame Curie won it for Science), is one of the most fascinating literary personalities of modern America. Strikingly good-looking even in her forties, she is the rare combination of artist, novelist, journalist, social campaigner. She writes finely chiselled prose at the speed of a reporter's typewriter, and turns out novels, stories, reviews, articles, besides lecturing, organising campaigns to collect funds for China, entertaining her many friends and running her home.

Her most famous novel is "The Good Earth" (more familiar to us because of its beautiful film version starring Paul Muni and Louise Rainer) which itself is but the first of a trilogy—the other two being "Sons" and "A House Divided." It was for this work that she was awarded the Nobel Prize. More than that, however, she has earned the undying love and gratitude of the Chinese whole life and thought she has interpreted with such sensitiveness and sympathy. Among other things for which she will be remembered is the fact that she was instrumental in "discovering" that great Chinese humorist-philosopher — Lin Yutang—and presenting his work to the world.

★

Self-Portraiture?

Pearl Buck's interest in (and knowledge of) China is understandable because she spent a greater part of her life in that country. Her father was a missionary there—a rather strange kind of missionary who was more interested in the people's stomachs than their souls, and was not much bothered about "converting the heathen", anyway.

Both her father and mother have been portrayed in Pearl Buck's novels—"The Exile", particularly reveals the mother as a most endearing character. It is not improbable that the author has at least once portrayed herself, too, in her work. "This Proud Heart", (the story of the conflicts, the clash of loyalties, the heartbreaks and moments of triumph in the life of a woman sculptor) is written with too intense a feeling not to have acquired an autobiographical tinge.

★

Interest In India

Recently, Pearl Buck has demonstrated her deep interest in India, of which the article we are reproducing is but one manifestation. She has helped to organise several meetings and rallies to secure the American public's attention and sympathy for the cause of India's freedom. In these campaigns she has had the active assistance of Lin Yutang whose very important article "Union Now—With India" we propose to publish next week.

★

For Paul Muni Fans

By the way, talking about Pearl Buck, we are reminded that very soon we shall see another of her novels, "China Skies", on the screen. And this time too that magnificent team of "Good Earth"—Paul Muni and Louise Rainer—will be playing the central Chinese characters. This is good news for Paul Muni's numerous fans who have been waiting for him for three years—since his last—and not very happy—appearance in "Hudson Bay."

Soldier: "Is that right, charging me for laundering a shirt although you've lost it?"
Laundress: "Quite right, sir. You see we'd laundered it before we lost it."

LAUGH AWAY YOUR BLUES

"Waiter, there's no wishbone in this chicken."
"It didn't need one, sir. That chicken lived such a contented life that it had nothing to wish for."

* * *

"I was a fool when I married you," said Mrs. Brownleigh angrily.
"Yes, darling, but I was in love and didn't notice it," replied her husband.

* * *

"Thank you, madam," said counsel at the end of a long cross-examination. "I hope I have not troubled you unduly with all those questions."
"Not at all," replied the witness, "I have two small children at home."

* * *

The professors of a certain college met to consider an act of misconduct on the part of one of the students. One professor insisted upon punishment, saying: "God has given us eyes."
"Yes," said one of his colleagues with a kindlier nature, "and eyelids."

* * *

The young reporter was told over and over again to cut his story to the bare essentials. So his next story came out this way:—
"J. Smith looked up the shaft at the Wallick Hotel this morning to see if the lift was on its way down. It was. Aged 45."

* * *

A resident of Berlin's West-end was interviewing an applicant for a post in his household.
"Well," he said, "your references seem quite satisfactory and I think you will do. Now, about wages: I offer 40 marks a month."
"I want 70 marks," said the girl.
"As you suit me exceptionally well, I'll make it 50."
"All right; 50 marks wages...and I shall want 10 marks a month for not informing the Gestapo that you get food on the Black Market, and 10 for keeping quiet about your listening to the English radio."
"How dare you insult me!" exclaimed the prospective employer "Never in my life have I dealt on the Black Market, or listened to London."
"What!" said the girl. "No food and no news in the house! You can keep the job. Good-day!"

"So you are being transferred abroad. Do you think the climate will disagree with your wife?"
"It wouldn't dare."

"Yes, my boy take me to the museum every Saturday."
"Really! What is he studying?"
"Economy."

* * *

"I shouldn't keep telling her you're nuworthy of her".
"No? Why not?"
"Let it come to her as a surprise."

* * *

A Hard-Driving taxi-man ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by an inch, and grazed a bus, all in one dash.
The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.
"Listen cow-boy!" he growled. "On your way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

"Do you think she has a future?"
"I'm afraid so."

MOPSY By GLADYS PARKER

Members of the village women's institute were discussing their programme. It was thought that a glove-making class would be interesting.
"Do you think that's really necessary—at our age, I mean?" asked one old lady, looking rather alarmed.
"What, glove-making?" she was asked.
"Oh!" she said, and looked greatly relieved. "I thought you said love-making!"

* * *

A soldier whose main trouble was extreme talkativeness, was on escort duty with a corporal taking an important prisoner to headquarters.
Before starting, he had been told that on no account was he to speak; a bet of a packet of cigarettes had been made that he couldn't remain silent until reaching headquarters.
They went in single file, the soldier quite mute.
On arriving at headquarters the corporal, without looking round, said: "Well, Tommy, you've won the bet."
"Yes," replied Tommy, "but you nearly had me when the prisoner escaped."

The cheerful patient looked up from his periodical in the dentist's waiting-room. "Well," he said, "that's one spot of good news, anyway—but, tell me, where is this place, Mafeking?"

* * *

"And waht is a synonym, Willie?" asked the teacher.
"A synonym," said Willie, "Is a word that you use when you can't spell the other one."

* * *

Two Scottish miners who had persistently lost money at the "dogs" decided it might be better policy to buy a greyhound.
They did so, but the hound was not filled with the proper spirit of urgency and repeatedly finished last.
Coming home one day, one of the owners said, "I think we'll throw the dug intae the Clyde."
"Naw," said his friend, "that's too cruel, We'll tak' aff the leash and run away from it!"

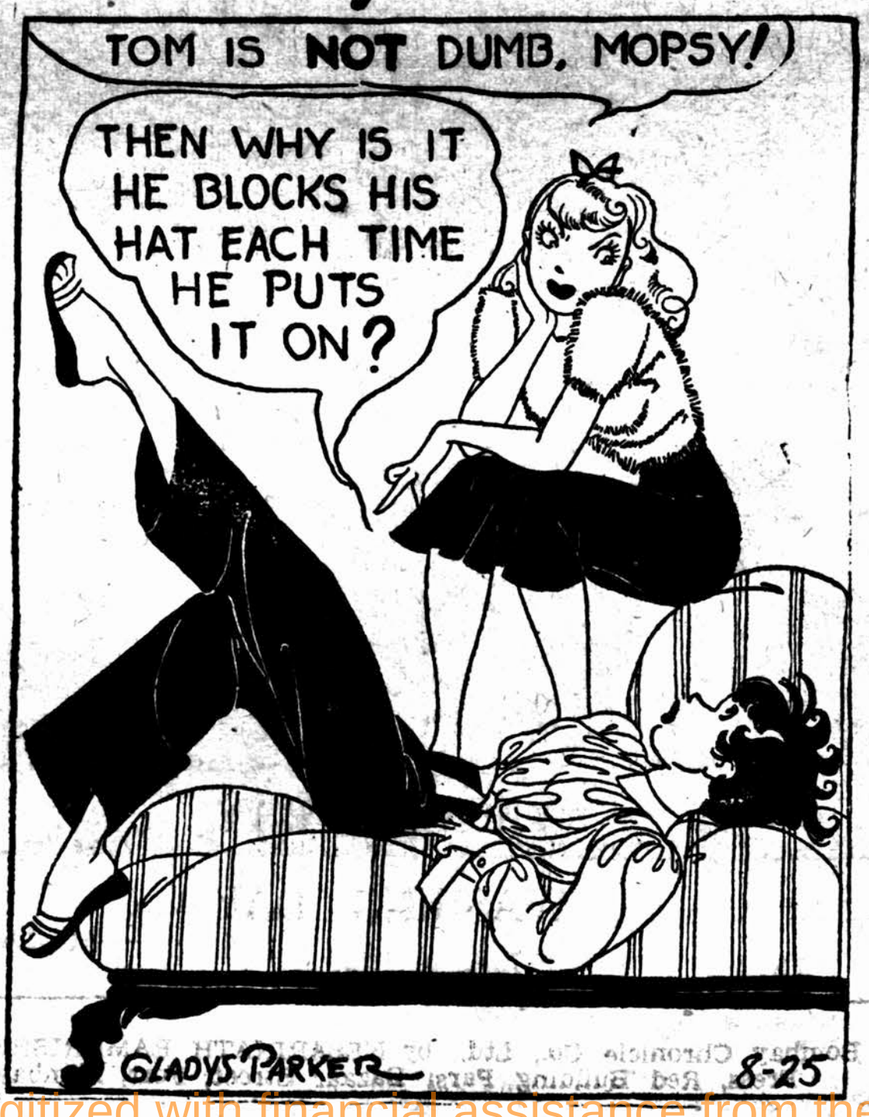
* * *

"I have come to join my husband," said Mrs. Smith, arriving at the Golden Gates.
"Delighted to meet you, ma'am," replied the Keeper, "What was your husband's name?"
"Joseph Smith."
"I'm afraid that will not be sufficient for us to identify him. You see, we have quite a lot of Joseph Smiths up here. Are there any other means by which I can identify him?"
"Well, before he died he told me that if I ever kissed another man he would turn in his grave."
"Oh! I know the chap. Up here we call him Whirling Joe!"

* * *

The door-to-door salesman was not at all welcome.
"If you are not off my doorstep in thirty seconds." said the householder, "I'll—"
"Now, what can I sell you in half a minute?" replied the salesman, cheerfully.

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER



"Why do you call it The Rip Van Winkle carpet?"
"It has such a long nap, Madam."

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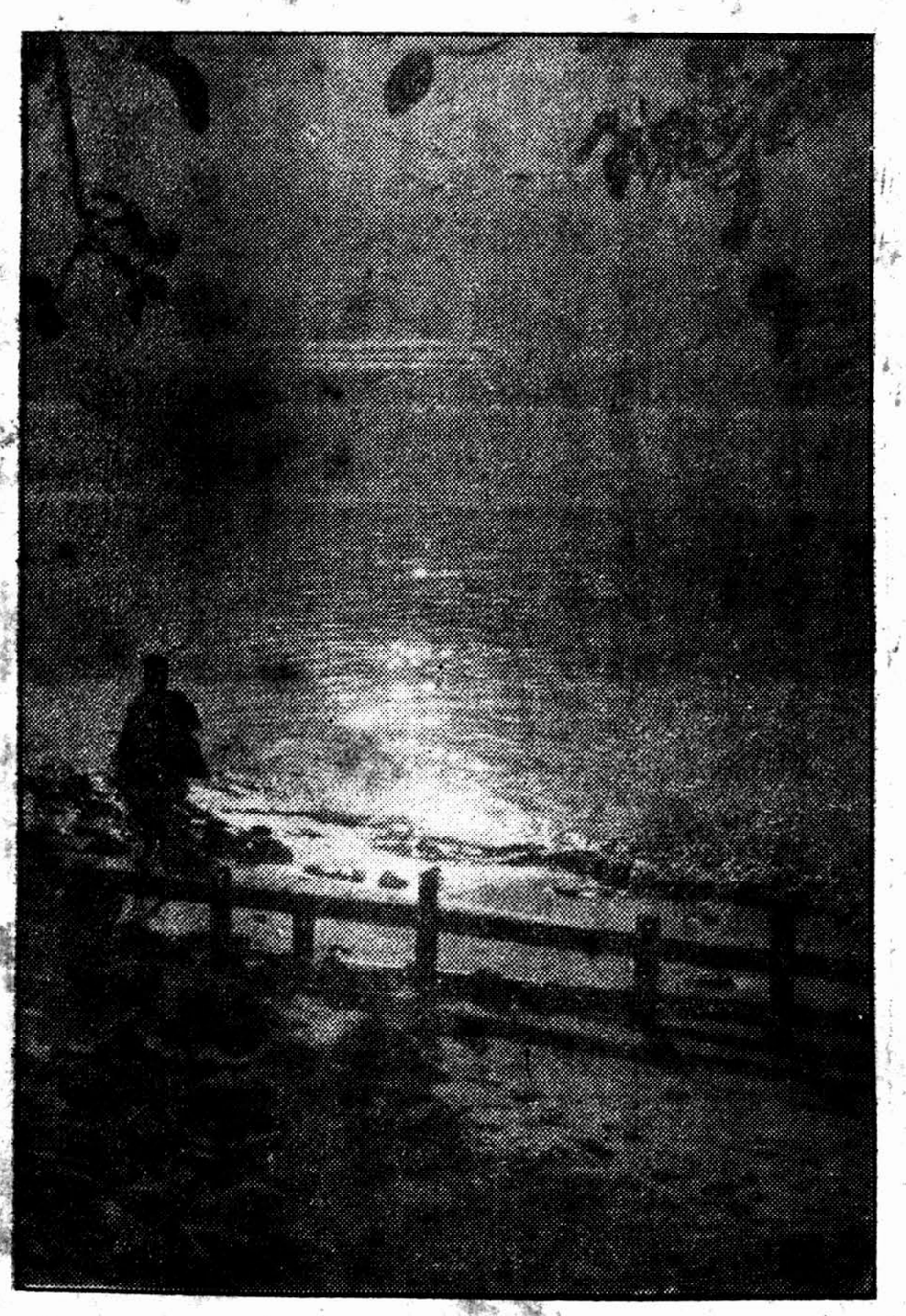

As evening falls....

..the pigeons fly back home!

—Y. M. Purao

WASHING DAY

—M. Desai.

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